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CATCHING THE COLONIAL MALE

Modern Life

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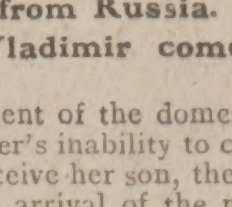

ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

THE KING'S DILEMMA.

Patching up the trouble between Queen Alexandra and her sister from Russia.

Grand Duchess Vladimir comes over to act as Peacemaker.

The latest development of the domestic *imbroglio* caused by the Russian Dowager's inability to come to England while the King refuses to receive her son, the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, is the arrival of the mutual friend of both families, the Grand Duchess Vladimir, who has always been something of an arbiter in disputes between the Romanoffs and the Guelphs. Her Imperial Highness arrived in London last Wednesday evening, and Victoria Station saw a great gathering of be-decorated Russian diplomats and their ladies. By the end of the week the Grand Duchess had left for Sandringham, and there she and the Queen-Mother have been engaged in patching up the quarrel—if the word may be used for an impasse which implies no offence on either side, but has been precipitated solely by the Tsar's brother's own tactlessness. However, I hear that no speedy clearing of the air is expected, for the Tsar insists upon the separation of his brother and his wife, and the arrangement of a Royal match for the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, before the social embargo placed upon the erring Grand Duke can be removed

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The Smartest of the Grand Duchesses of Russia.

Grand Duchess Vladimir is one of the most delightful women in Europe. As a Royalty, she occupies a place "all her own." Born a Princess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, she was very handsome in youth, and extremely chic and lively. Her entertainments were distinguished for their combination of State and originality. Her husband was that murderous Russian Royal General who caused the assassinations of "Red Sunday," when over a thousand poor people were coolly butchered in the streets of St. Petersburg by order of Grand Duke Vladimir. The Grand Duke has now been dead some five years. He left three sons, Cyril, Boris and Andrew. The only one who is receivable at the English Court is Boris, who is now with his mother at Sandringham, and who stands a good chance of one day being Emperor of All the Russias. He is a typical *viveur* of the Russian Grand Ducal school; and King George and Queen Mary would commit a crime against their own daughter if they allowed Princess Mary to marry him.

The succession to the Russian throne stands to-day as follows: The Tsar, the Tsarevitch (an invalid) the Tsar's brother, Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch (morganatically married), Grand Duke Cyril, Grand Duke Boris, and Grand Duke Andrew—the three sons of the late Grand Duke Vladimir, who was the next brother of the Tsar's father, Emperor Alexander III. Apart from a certain notoriety of an unsavoury type, the only one of the three brothers who has any prestige in Russia is Cyril Romanoff, whose career has been somewhat romantic.

Grand Duke Cyril's Romance.

Cyril is thirty-seven, and a sailor. When he was sixteen he fell violently in love with one of his first cousins, one of the pretty daughters of King Edward's brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, who had become reigning Prince in Saxe-Coburg. The Princess reciprocated Cyril's affection, but the *affaire* received no encouragement from either of the two families concerned, Cyril being then a long way from the Tsardom, so far as could be foreseen. A year later the Princess was betrothed to another of her first cousins, the German Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt. It was a love-less union, although the couple were both young and good-looking. For seven weary years the Hessian Grand Duke and his wife made a gallant effort to "shake down," and then gave it up in sheer disgust. Grand Duke Cyril offered to resign all his Russian rights and property if they would let him have the unhappy wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse, and when eventually the divorce set them free, he renewed his suit with ardour. But the Tsarina was dead against the match. The Grand Duke of Hesse is her brother, and she naturally took her brother's side, and regarded him as an ill-used man.

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English Royalties not fond of Grand Duke Cyril.

In the hope of weaning Grand Duke Cyril from his design, they sent him off to the Russo-Japanese war. He sailed in the "Petropavlovsk," which arrived at Port Arthur, and was almost immediately blown up, the Admiral (Makharoff) and his men being nearly all drowned. Amongst the handful of the rescued was Grand Duke Cyril, who had a truly miraculous escape, and he returned to Russia a "hero"! The Tsar withdrew his opposition to his union with the ex-Grand Duchess of Hesse, and the lady's mother came over to London specially to secure King Edward's consent to the marriage. It duly took place, and the pair have lived happily ever since. Nevertheless, Grand Duke Cyril is not in good odour at the Court of St. James. His wife's mother, the Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, who married Queen Victoria's son, Edinburgh, in 1874, is the only daughter of a Tsar who has married into the Royal Family of England.

* * *

"The Course of True Love——"

Our congratulations to Dowager Lady Belhaven and Stenton! Not long ago we had some amusing touches in these columns about the marriage of one of her Ladyship's daughters to the elderly bachelor, Lord Hemphill, and a week or two later, in consequence of something interesting which a little bird whispered in our ear, we had the following query: "Whether the Dowager Lady Belhaven has realised her hope of getting off another of her daughters since Miss May Hamilton married Lord Hemphill?" The little bird has since overheard more on the same subject, and we are glad to announce that the "other" daughter, "Georgie" (the youngest of the seven), is to be united to Mr. "Jimmy" Simpson at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, on the 22nd.

"Georgie" is a pretty girl, rides well, and cuts a smart figure in the Row, though, of course, she is better known in Edinburgh than in London. Like her future husband, most of her life has been passed in the Scottish capital, for Lady Belhaven is one of the few peeresses who maintain a "town" house in Edinburgh. They never go to Wishaw, the present Lord Belhaven's place and their own old home, as the Dowager and the gentleman who came into the barony some years ago are not as fond of each other as they might be. Human nature being what it is, however, the Dowager's feeling is entirely excusable. Anyway, we are very glad to know that the course of true love has run smoothly with Georgie Hamilton, one of whose sisters was "crossed in love" some years ago, and is still a subject of keen sympathy with her sisters.

* * *

The "Tango Touch!"

A lot of exaggerated nonsense is being written about the Tango craze. The reporters of the daily papers are compelled to spin long yarns about it, lest they get left behind by their brother scribes. Hence they have to go in for hysterical enthusiasm, and, generally, make asses of themselves and their papers. The *Chronicle* man has perhaps achieved the summit of Tangomania. He says "Already there are signs that the Tango is having an effect on every-day life. Strap-hangers in the Tubes are hanging with a new and charming grace; the mannequins in the dress-making establishments have already adopted the advice of M. Almanos, and glide about with the stealthy movements of the tigress; and waiters in the best restaurants serve

ustomers with the slow and languorous rhythm which e seen in the Tango suppers at Prince's and the

ever, the same writer has provided the best descrip- the Tango we have yet seen. "When touching the a lady's fingers her cavalier proceeds to take a short way from her; hesitates as though he had forgotten ing; returns in a leisurely style; walks round the ith an absent-minded gaze; touches her left instep e point of his right toe, as though to make sure she there; strolls with her up and down the stage, as looking for furnished apartments; steals back again oe, as though afraid to wake the baby; twists round, on the right side of her; and slowly draws his right ross the floor from a place where he had left it inad- y a moment ago." For which the *Chronicle* invents propriate headline "The Tango Touch!"

* * *

Rosslyn packs his boy off to S.A.

Earl of Rosslyn has taken drastic steps to circumvent sibility of his son and heir, Lord Loughborough, fol- "in his father's footsteps," as readers of these columns eformed not many weeks ago that he seemed to be in y of doing. Lord Rosslyn has packed Lord Lough- off to South Africa for a year, and thus forced the sixth Earl to ruminate upon the evils of early ge before he embarks upon the sea which has been with so many vicissitudes for his ever-youthful sire. retty, fluffy-headed flapper who nightly displays the little leg in London came dangerously near making way match of it with Lord Loughborough not long t the Earl got wind of the story and saved his son's although the heir's coming-of-age celebrations were taken place at Leven's Hall this month. As it is, ney has been spent on a first-class ticket to Rhodesia. Rosslyn is residing very quietly at Leven's Hall, the Bagot place in Northumberland, where the clipped e a source of never-failing delight to all beholders.

* * *

Beauchamp's Luck

Beauchamp's chances of being the next Lord-Lieu- of Ireland are not so rosy as they once were. His Lordship is a good Radical, and cannot be left out of count when there are soft jobs of high dignity going. So he has accepted the Lord Wardenship of the Cinque Ports, from which, of course, he can retire at any moment should the Liberals again come into power, and the Viceroyalty of Ireland be vacant.

The Lord Wardenship is a very snug berth, and his Lordship is the youngest holder of that office within living memory, just as he was the youngest pro-consul to receive a first-class Governorship—that of New South Wales. Lucky dog! His Lordship seems like to put up another record shortly—that of being the youngest Garter knight of his century.

* * *

The Lairds at Sandringham.

Two great Scottish lairds have been the guests of Their Majesties during the past week—the Mackintosh and Lord Lovat. Mackintosh—you mustn't "Mr." him—like so many of his ancestors, has given the King first-rate sport at Moy Hall in Inverness-shire, so he deserves to see what the King can do in the way of shooting in Norfolk. The Prince of Wales, too, has recollections of the Hielan state of The Mackintosh, who generally provides the best shooting in all Scotland, as well as being the first laird in the North. Staunch as were the Mackintoshs to the Stuarts they are equally hand-in-glove with the Hanoverians. 'Tis a pity Cluny MacPherson isn't of the party at Sandringham, for the King, who has a dry wit, could easily goad the three lairds into a genealogical wrangle of a highly diverting character, with the least possible chance of acrimony arising. The Mackintosh claims that he is "Chief of the Clan Chattan," but the title is also claimed by Cluny Macpherson of Cluny Castle. Both the lairds have the same motto and crest—a wild cat over the inscription "Touch not the cat but with the glove!"

* * *

The Mackintosh at Home.

When the lairds sit down to dine they both do so under a stuffed wild cat, surrounded by trophies of Highland arms, while the servants' halls are decorated with the same emblem. The lairds are the best of friends, however. The Mackintosh's place is situated in a romantic district of

OUT OF HIS DEPTH.

He (anxious to appear musical): "What was that charming thing you were playing?—I know it so well."
She: "Ah yes, that was a Nocturne."
He: "Of course, one of Whistler's, wasn't it?"

"What, going so soon, Mrs. Jones?"
"Yes, indeed. This place is simply impossible. I couldn't sleep a wink because of the horrible draught. I wonder what they think picture galleries are for!"

Scotland, not far from the pass where the Rout of Moy took place. The place is full of reminders of that Lady Mackintosh whose intrepidity in the cause of Bonnie Prince Charlie gained her the name of "Colonel Anne" from the Hanoverian soldiers. The Mackintosh, who has the blood of many dukes in his veins, married a rich coal-owner's daughter of Cardiff, and he has a pleasant place there where he spends part of each year. Should you meet him down Sandringham way you must say "How do you do, Mackintosh?" To "Mr." him might injure his Highland *esprit*.

* * *

A Lucky Lord.

Lord Lovat is, of course, the head of the Clan Fraser, and is also an Inverness-shire laird, with a fine castle and many thousands of acres of low-ground shooting, as well as miles of salmon fishing, and several deer forests. It is noteworthy that the King does not invite the wives of these important Scots. Lord Lovat was a middle-aged bachelor when he married Lord Ribblesdale's pretty daughter of eighteen, and they have a son and heir who is known as "The Master of Lovat." Lord Lovat is in the unpleasant position of never knowing quite how long he will be left in undisturbed possession of his broad acres and title.

In 1757 the then Lord Lovat raised a regiment of 1500 Highlanders for the conquest of Canada, and many years later a descendant of one of them, a debt-collector of Winnipeg, announced his intention of proceeding to Scotland to lay claim to the Lovat's estates, on account of the discovery of a marriage certificate of a certain Alexander Fraser, who fled from Wales in 1689. Only 28 years ago the House of Lords admitted that if the marriage could be proved John Fraser's claim would be valid. So Lord Lovat is making the best of being the Laird of Beaufort Castle while he has got it. He is a staunch Catholic, and a very cheery fellow.

* * *

Madam and the Cabinet.

One would have supposed that the last of the "secret drawer" romances had expired with the Victorian novel. Apparently this is not so. Some months back a certain well-known Society woman, desirous of paying off a particularly heavy gambling debt without arousing the suspicions of her husband, decided to sell privately some pieces of antique furniture which she had had stored away in an attic for a good many years. A certain handsome Georgian cabinet having been purchased by an intimate lady friend and despatched by carrier to the latter's home in Park Lane, became damaged in transit and a secret drawer containing a carved Oriental paper-knife and an exquisite jewelled fan of great value was revealed. Naturally the question arose as to who was the rightful owner of the discovered treasures, and as both ladies are equally convinced of the justice of their separate claims the problem still remains unsolved. But for the original owner's anxiety to keep the affair from the knowledge of her husband it is more than probable that the dispute would eventually have been thrashed out in the Law Courts.

* * *

"Tom" Brassey's Retirement.

Lord Brassey, whose resignation of the Lord Wardenship of the Cinque Ports is due to advancing age, is seventy-eight in February, but he is a wonderful man for his years. Just three years ago, while Master of the Bexhill Harriers, in order to be present at the meet of his pack, he was out of bed at a very early hour, breakfasted at his town house in Park Lane, and caught the first train from London at half-past five. When over seventy he learnt German and made wonderful progress. Lord Brassey is yet active and hearty, and as fond of yachting as ever, and, as usual, during the past summer he was cruising a good deal on the *Sunbeam*, which vessel has probably covered a greater mileage than any other yacht.

The sturdy Liberal peer has many admirers, and even political opponents have a special regard for "Tom." Brassey, the simple, honest, hardworking eldest son of the great contractor and millionaire, who has raised himself from Commoner's rank to an earldom, having only great wealth and plenty of common sense to assist him. Old Mr. Brassey had in his lifetime given each of his three sons an immense sum, and they expected little more, but at his death in 1870 he left six millions. But it fell into good hands, and the three brothers have handled their heritage wisely and worthily of their father.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

ndians in South Africa.

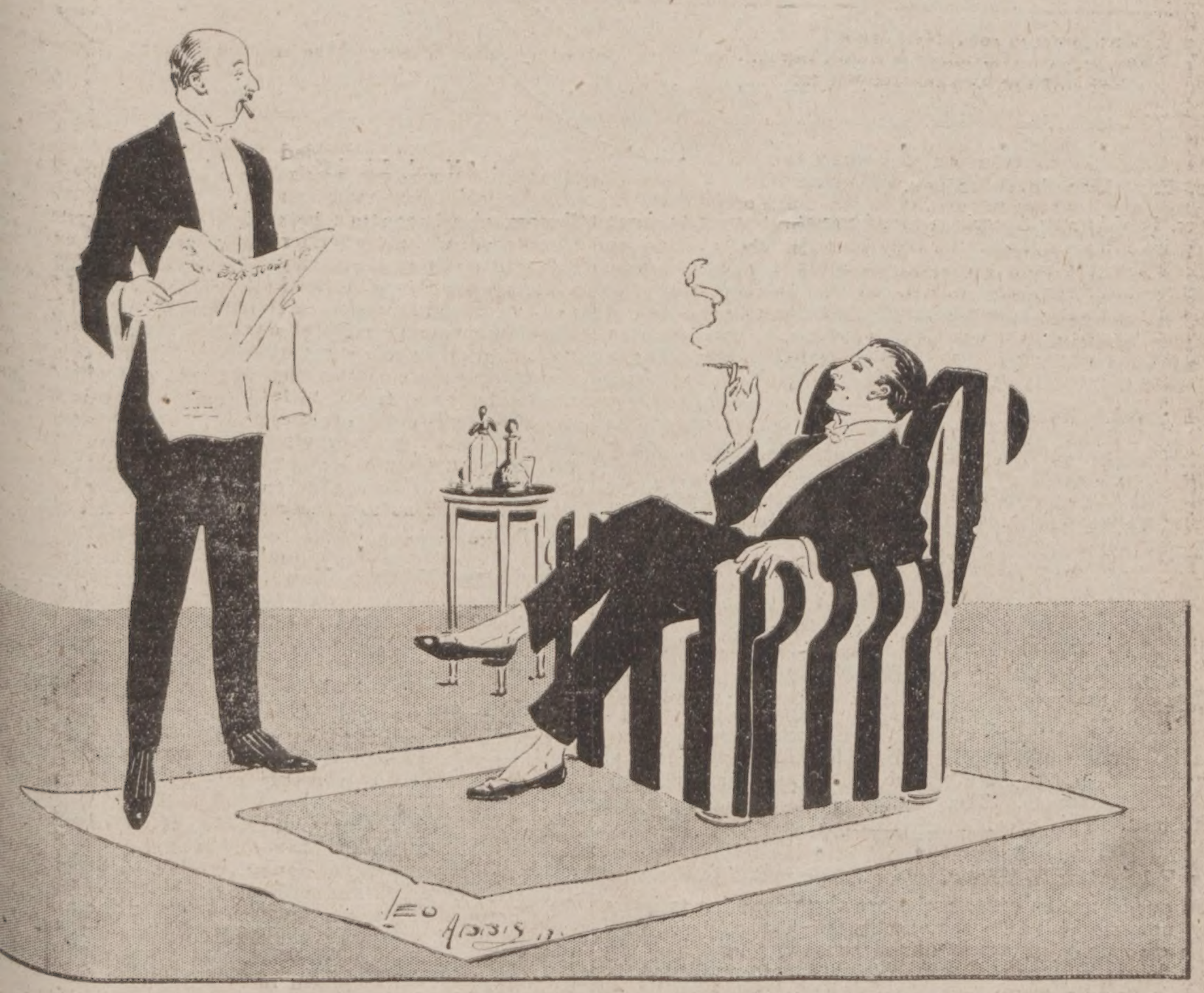
e trouble with the Indians in South Africa is provoking curious comments from the newspapers, based upon rid telegrams which are being received from the seat r. Readers should accept the alleged news with caution, news from that part of the world is usually carefully dited in the interests of the capitalists and mining ates before it gets on the wires. "Loyal little Natal" cause of the high-handed procedure which is bringing ame of "Empire" into disrepute with our millions of -subjects in India. The primary cause, that is to say, course nowadays the colony of Natal is a comparatively portant section of United South Africa, gaining weight rom the fact that its votes in the South African Parlia- are much in the position of the Irish or Labour vote rs.

rs ago the Natal sugar-planters, who held the reins of , were dissatisfied with native labour. There was of it, but the Zulu or Kafir is apt to be independent o work only when it suits him. Consequently indenIndian labour was introduced to the sugar estates, and o the coal-mines. The coolies were supposed to be riated after their indentures had expired; or if they ned in the country they were supposed to pay a tax per head annually—a tax which the Natal Government succeeded in collecting, by the bye. These indentured ns were followed by swarms of traders, who catered for needs; they found the climate congenial and did not to return to their native country after their period of slavery was over. Thus they increased and multiplied, bout the time the war was over their numbers were actually greater than those of the white population of Natal. Moreover, they had penetrated into—and by reason of superior industry had thrived and firmly established themselves in—the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony.

* * *

Hated for their Virtues.

It should be understood that, as is the case with the Chinese in Australia, these Indians are hated not because of their vices, but because of their virtues. An Indian (or a Chinaman) is infinitely more industrious than a white man, he almost invariably makes and saves money, he is more suited to the climatic conditions. In short he is a rival to be feared, especially as, at his best, he is more intelligent, more subtle, than the white man, whose brain is not improved by the strong rays of a Southern sun. Consequently the superior adaptability to local conditions of the Indian (who has secured almost the whole of the exceedingly lucrative native trade, as he usually speaks the native language in addition to English and his own tongue) has become a source of serious inconvenience to the white man—Boer or Briton—and the policy in South Africa is to make his stay in the country odious, if not impossible. The Indians have served their purpose, they have cast off the shackles of semi-slavery—and now they must get out. That is the position in a nut-shell. Unfortunately for South Africa, however, Indians are subjects of the King and cannot be treated as foreigners might be. Moreover, thousands of influential people in India strongly resent the severe treatment of their fellows in South Africa, and the British Government is thus in a cleft stick. If they insist on fair treatment for the Indians they will offend the white South Africans. If they don't, they offend—and rightly offend—thousands of our fellow-subjects in India, who lay very great stress on the fact that they *are* fellow-subjects. It is a pretty problem, and solid statesmanship will be required in the unravelling of it.



"Say! Charlie! Do you believe in clubs for women?"
"Yes, old chap! Clubs, crowbars or any other anæsthetic."

The Right Solution.

Of course the only solution of the problem is to repatriate the whole of the Indian population of South Africa, paying liberal compensation for disturbance, but as the rich Mohammedan merchants own much of the best property in the large towns—most of the best business blocks of Durban have Indian proprietors—this would be exceedingly costly, and it would be rendered still more difficult by the fact that a great number of the better educated Indians were born in Natal, of parents who were originally indentured coolies and have made their way in the world. South Africa has a big enough problem in hand with the Native Question without the complication of other alien coloured races. Anyhow the talk of Indian "rebellion" is sheer moonshine. These Indians have not a fight in them, and moreover the Zulus would ask nothing better than to be let loose upon the Indians, whom they hate and despise. The only serious trouble is likely to be on the sugar plantations, where one or two white men lord it over hundreds of low-caste cowardly coolies, all armed with deadly weapons in the shape of razor-sharp cane-knives.

* * *

Organised Interruptions.

Remembering the heated protests made by the combined Militants and Socialists some weeks ago against the Government's alleged interference with the right of free speech it is amusing to note that these self-same upholders of public rights are making organised efforts to prevent any speech at all from politicians who are obnoxious to them. Mr. Masterman and Mr. Philip Snowden are well aware of these tactics, as well as other more prominent politicians. In this connection it would be interesting to know why the police authorities in different parts of the county do not put in force the Act passed not so many months ago to prevent the disturbance of public meetings. What has Mr. McKenna to say about it?

* * *

"If only I had five heads!"

Mrs. Pankhurst's Admirer.

Mrs. Pankhurst's American tour has not, at any rate, been an entire failure. True, the lady found that the American public's interest in her evaporated after her first public meeting—after they had discovered the "show" she gave was not worth the entrance money, that is to say—so that she has failed to attract sufficient auditors to pay the rent of the halls where she has been on view. Thus, from a monetary point of view, Mrs. Pankhurst hasn't cut much ice, or set the Hudson River on fire—whichever metaphor you prefer. Nor do I imagine she has made many converts to militancy, nor persuaded the American public that she is a spotless martyr and the British Government a pack of malignant fiends. (Even if our good friends in N'Yark did believe all this we should still all sleep quietly in our beds.) But she has succeeded, very unwillingly indeed, in providing the world with one first-class joke, in the proposal of marriage from Dr. H. S. Tanner, the self-styled champion faster of the world. This individual thinks he has found a kindred soul in the militant leader, not only because of her alleged fasting proclivities (exaggerated, like Dr. Tanner's own, I suspect), but also because of her undoubted qualities as a showman—or show-woman, if you like. Mrs. P., naively says the *New York Tribune*, was so annoyed by the proposal that "she would not pose for any more photographs"—and could anything be said stronger than that? She intends to remain a "feme sole" and have nothing to do with Tanners. The Doctor must try to lime some other bird. This one is much too fly.

* * *

The Educational Tiger.

To our education experts who are always seeking to introduce new methods into the schools, so that children shall learn without being aware of the process, I commend the example of the schoolmaster in Pomerania, who borrowed the animals from a travelling menagerie to serve as subjects for a "nature lesson"—I believe that is the correct educational cant phrase. The experiment was a success up to a point, that point being when one of the "subjects," a young lioness, also began to take an intelligent interest in things. Then there was trouble, the kiddies got scared, and one was knocked down and wounded by the lioness. There seems to be a parable lurking in this little story, which I must leave you to sort out for yourselves as I haven't space for sermons. But I may say that the present-day principle of giving a modicum of learning disguised in a spoonful of jam, of stimulating the palate of the pupil with condiments to make the meal of solid instruction more palatable, is in my opinion quite as injudicious as the method of the Pomeranian schoolmaster. The jam or the condiments may have just as hurtful an effect upon the mental digestion of after life as the introduction of half a dozen inquisitive tigers. In other words there is no royal way to learning—not even a Royal Bengal tiger.

* * *

The latest Yankee Yarn.

As a change from pictures of the idiot who "didn't know it was loaded," or the latest murder, or a woman who wasn't satisfied with one husband, the illustrated papers this week have given us a picture of an equally idiotic gentleman who "never saw wife till wedded" (to quote a headline). Why this ridiculous Baltimore gentleman should have qualified to enter the gallery of immortals by his foolish exploit it is perhaps bootless to enquire. The story (all the dailies have had it) runs that a Dr. Francis Hartley vowed, after the death of his second wife, that he would not speak to a woman, except professionally, for one year, and that then he would marry the first woman he did speak to. What would have happened if that first woman had chanced to be already a wife the story does not tell us. Perhaps it is unnecessary, for a friend of Dr. Hartley had advertised for a bride, and had no doubt (though we are not told so) carefully sorted out a passable one for the medico's third venture, so that he should not waste time or run any undue risk. Anyhow the whole yarn is so trivial and absurd that it is scarcely worth notice, except that it provides still another example of the sort of lush that is served up to a confiding public by the daily newspapers as genuine news.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

"The game isn't worth the candle." This is the conclusion come to by a certain gentleman who has been financing the exploitation of freehold land in one of our greatest dependencies.

* * *

The scheme burst upon the investing public in a torrent of printer's ink shed in the form of page ads. But the majority of people had enough horse-sense to get in out of the rain. And so the shekel-finder caught a cold in the shower he had created and has already been gruelling.

* * *

Singular to state, he has anything but a desire to become identified as the man behind the scenes, which is an unpleasant aspect of the affair. The statements put forth by the engineers of the enterprise were traversed and challenged by a City journal, and there was some talk of proceedings for libel. The result of this is among the "waits and sees."

* * *

I mention the matter because the financier is a rather wealthy man, so that the "money back principle" on which business was done will still hold good.

* *

When Mr. Bodkin complained in court of being "browbeaten" Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., added "When I put my hand through my hair my hand becomes black." As a counsel always wears a wig in court we can only suggest that Mr. Hall should use shampoo powders, or some chronise hair-dye that does not come off.

* *

The following story comes from New York—and the *Daily Express*: "Mr. and Mrs. Herring surprised a burglar coming out of their house. Policeman Schrimp gave chase, but the fleeing housebreaker was finally captured by Harry Schmelt." A likely tale, forsooth! Yet the *Express* served it up to its credulous readers as facts.

* *

That if the actor-earl wants to appear on the music-hall stage again, he will first have to resign his post at the Viceregal Court, no matter how extensively he advertises the fact that it is for charity—a word one hears rather too much of in the "sketch" about the impecunious colonel with high ideals.

* * *

It is almost as much against etiquette, as understood at Court, for the Comptroller of the Household of His Majesty's representative in Ireland to fulfil an engagement at a music-hall for profit, as it would be for an officer of the Brigade of Guards to remain in his regiment after choosing a bride from the stage.

* * *

That the purity campaign at the Music Halls into which the Bishops are entering with so much zeal is really a score for the votes for women brigade. The Suffragan Bishop, who is leading it, has been inspired in this and a good many other of his actions recently by a wife and daughter, who are among the most ardent of feminists, and are moved by much the same motives as was the once formidable and misguided Mrs. Ormiston Chant.

* * *

That the Tango Teas in Pall Mall are causing some consternation among members of the R.A.C., who take the club's position as the guardian of the interests of English motorists very seriously. The distinguished secretary, who is equally at home entertaining an Emperor's brother at his suburban residence, or organizing a Tango Tea, was surely meant for greater things, but it is not true that the Athenæum has made him a handsome offer to transfer his services to the other end of Pall Mall.

* * *

That as he brought the R.A.C. Committee safely through the nasty little affairs of the card room and the tyre test, they are not likely to quarrel with him over the Celestes.

* * *

Favouritism still runs riot at the War Office, and officers with good claims to promotion continue to be superseded by favoured juniors. This is the reason of the forthcoming retirement of Sir Edward Hamilton from the Army, and also from the Governorship of Guernsey, which he could have held until May, 1916. He is a good soldier, and had every right to expect promotion to lieut.-general, but the Promotion Board looks after its own first.

* * *

Didn't the Press photographer wish that he had never taken that embarrassing snapshot in Leicester Square the other evening? What did the rag and bone man say to the camera?

* *

Major Drury's poem, "The Game," recited by Lady Tree at the Olympic Fund matinee, doesn't seem particularly calculated to stimulate the youth of England to hand out subscriptions. Here is a portion of the last spasm:—

Dear lads of an Imperial race,
Who in your thousands pay your toll,
To urge on others, set your face
Towards achievement's worthier goal.

We imagined that the trouble with the Westminster Fund is that the thousands do not and will not pay the required toll.

* *

Miss Cicely Hamilton says creative art matters little to anyone save the creative artist, whose real reward must always be his own good opinion of himself. Few people in this life, then, are so well rewarded.

* *

Amateur Golfer (who observes his ball in the strange bulldog's mouth): "I wonder what the dickens I'do next?"

There's a sad sad story to be told of Michael Mullen, the mighty malcontent of Mountjoy Prison. His breast burns with the joy of the Revolution that is to come, and Michael was foremost among the stout hearts who determined that Dublin should be freed from the boss rule. Justice was stern, however, and before long Michael found himself in gaol. "You may strike," hissed he; "but I will hunger-strike." For many days no food passed his lips, and at last the warders were forced to remove him to the infirmary. But flesh is weak, and the bold bad custodians, knowing all too well of this, placed our hero in a room—alone with two (2) bottles of stout. Then they retreated and listened in the distance. Loud splashing noises told their tale of woe, and the door was opened to find those bottles—oh, so empty! Poor Michael is evidently *not* a stout striker.

* * *

A paragraph appeared on this page last week which was intended to suggest that "John Orth" is alive and a resident of a North London suburb; also that the visit of Grand Duke Franz Ferdinand is not unconnected with the rumour that his relative is on British soil. Unfortunately a compositor intervened, and in spite of editorial correction persisted in dubbing the mysterious Austrian royalty as "John Beth," which, of course, made the paragraph quite meaningless.

THE MARTYR.

"I am exceedingly reluctant to leave you alone," said Mrs. Tomson to her husband, who looked as though he feared he might wake up, "but I am forced to obey the command I received from the W.S.P.U. this morning. It seems I am wanted on important business. However, remember to attend Miss Ratfleet's meeting to-morrow night; she may wish you to speak a few words. Um—er—you had better put on your old clothes in case of accident. And now, John, good-bye. I know your weak nature, but remember," she warned him sternly, "I've got my eye on you! . . . You may kiss me."

Tomson obeyed; and soon the train glided away, leaving him dutifully waving his handkerchief, and he did not cease doing so until his wife could not possibly have perceived him without the aid of a telescope.

"Phew!", he said, wiping his brow; and then, while the porter grinned at him sympathetically, Tomson laughed for very joy. Mrs. T. was not only his wife; she was—but it may be thought redundant and superfluous to mention that she was his master. She purchased Tomson's ties; she selected his socks. Which accounts for his last ones being green bespangled with red stars. A brand of cigarettes that he abhorred was allotted to him by his dominant spouse because they were in "such a pretty box," and through her it was that Tomson had become an ardent Suffragist, for her iron hand wore no velvet glove.

"Sweet Liberty!", he breathed as he hurried home, his face beaming like a full moon; and he felt that he must whoop or burst; instead, he winked jollily at a passing nursemaid, and a grimly observant clergyman, reminiscent of a gentleman in a white waistcoat, muttered with sad conviction:

"That man will be hung."

But no such forebodings affected Tomson.

"Jane," he cried to the servant when he had reached home and had lighted his pipe in the drawing-room to show his omnipotence.

"Yes, sir."

"You may take the day off; and—er—you may stay overnight with your people."

"Oh! thank you, sir."

"And—er—Jane. You may take this, and—Jove! you do look pretty to-day—this!".

"Oh! sir," blushed Jane, as she struggled from his embrace, "thank you—for the half-crown I mean, of course."

"Of course," agreed Tomson.

He stayed away from the office that day, and prevailed upon three of his acquaintances to do likewise by intimating that there was corn in the land of Egypt. Having refreshed themselves several times, they then, as an intellectual exercise, gravely eyed a Suffragette who was selling copies of *Votes for Women* at a street corner, and Tomson, sick to death of Women Suffrage, saw an opportunity for revenge.

"Are you Mrs. Pankhurst?", he asked politely.

"No, I am not. But you may have heard of me," she added with conscious pride. "My name is Mrs. Dearsand."

"Hard lines!", said Tomson, with intense sympathy.

The woman flushed angrily. "I have no desire to speak to you if you merely wish to give me another instance of the vulgarity of man," she said. "Huh! 'Man,' did I say? Bah! you are only a reptile—a drunken reptile!"

"Oh! I say!", murmured Tomson, deprecatingly. "But you know," he added, "it's rotten to see you sunk so low as this, selling newspapers and that sort of thing. You should apply to the parish."

His friends laughed loudly at the witticism, and Tomson saw no reason why he should not add his guffaw as a tribute to his own wit; until the woman swung round her handbag and crashed it into his face.

"Oh! I say!", again murmured Tomson, deprecatingly, changing his expression; and she followed up her attack by slashing his cheek with a dog-whip she had carried concealed about her person.

"I've a hammer here as well," she remarked quietly, and cowed by the information the four men slunk away, Tomson leading—by several yards.

Even now he has but a dim recollection of ever getting to bed next morning. "You fellows'll be late!", he said gravely, about three o'clock, as they consumed his port.

"O, once we start, we'll go home like lightning, ol' man," said one.

"Forked," muttered Tomson.

But when he woke up, his smile was gladsome, despite the painful aching of his head.

"I have seen life," he remarked proudly.

And that thought made him quake when he welcomed home his spouse. She catechised him severely, but he managed to answer her correctly; and although she sniffed audibly from time to time, he was awarded the prize. She at length condescendingly remarked:—

"You may kiss me."

The feelings of a youth whose favourite literature is "Bloodshot Bill the Blasted Buccaneer" must be singularly morbid when he is presented with Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress by an aged aunt. Tomson felt like that. But there was no alternative: he kissed her.

"Now, John," she said at tea-time, "there's a friend visiting us to-morrow, and you must look your best." An eloquent sniff insinuated that even his best would be but a sorry one. "I think you should get your hair cut to-night."

"All right," sighed he. "Is she for the Cause?". He had been taught to use a capital by Mrs. T.

"She is,—heart and soul, John. We will be honoured by her visit. She's been in prison four times, bitten three policemen, and hurled peasmeal twice at Mr. Asquith. You *must* have heard of her. She's Mrs. Dearsand."

"Who?", cried John in terror.

"Mrs. Dearsand."

"Heavens!", he moaned.

"What do you mean?", asked his wife primly. "Are you ill?"

"No—yes. I mean no! Oh! my God!"

"Really, John," cried his wife in genuine distress, "what ever's wrong with you?"

"Oh! it's nothing. Just—I feel a little queer. O, my head, my poor head!" He pressed his hands to his temples. "I'll go out for a breath of fresh air."

"Well, get your hair cut at the same time," commanded Mrs. Tomson, sternly.

"Yes," moaned John as he departed.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?", he thought feverishly. "Mrs. Dearsand? Good heavens! And I was nearly drunk, too. O, I wish to the devil I were dead!", he groaned. "Or could run away . . . On fivepence!", he added bitterly, as an afterthought.

He made his way into the town, and as he paced the crowded streets restlessly, feverishly puzzling his brains for some means of escape from the fearful to-morrow, a policeman glared at him suspiciously; and his eyes scowled a warning as they met Tomson's, whose face was suddenly illumined by a wild gleam of hope.

Striding to the window of a large drapery establishment—"Votes for Women!", he yelled as he pushed his foot through it; and then awaited the constable's onslaught, smiling calmly.

"How long do you think I'll get for this, officer?"

"Two months at least, sir," growled the policeman, his hand tightly grasping the other's collar.

"Thank God!" said Tomson.

ERIC DE BANZIE.

ALL SQUARE.

In a short story with the above title which appeared on page 694 of our last issue, the vague address, "Piccadilly Mansions," was given as the *locale* of a somewhat unpleasant adventure which happened to the hero. Both story and address were entirely fictitious, but as we understand that the proprietor of Piccadilly Mansions, Shaftesbury Avenue, fears that a serious reflection may inadvertently have been cast upon the character of that building, we hasten to assure him that his premises were in no wise referred to, nor have we the slightest ground for supposing that an episode of the character suggested in the story could have been possible upon his carefully supervised property.

An American and a Highlander were walking one day on the top of one of the Scotch mountains. The Scotchman, wishing to impress the visitor, produced a famous echo to be heard in that place. When the echo returned clearly after nearly four minutes the proud Scotchman, turning to the Yankee, exclaimed:

"There mon, ye canna' show anything like that in your country."

To which the other replied: "I guess we can better that. Why, in my camp in the Rockies when I go to bed I just lean out of the window and call out: 'Time to get up; wake up!', and eight hours afterwards the echo comes back and wakes me."

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

Magistrate: What! You knew that the lady's necklace was made of imitation pearls! Then why did you steal it? Swell Mobsman: Well, you see, I knew how pleased she would be if anyone took it for the real thing.

* * *

ONE ON FATHER.

"James, there's a burglar down stairs! I'm going for the police."

"Wait a minute. I'll go with you."

* * *

Film Company's Manager: Well, what can I do for you? Caller: I have here a tragedy in blank verse, sir, which I sent to Sir Herbert Tree, but he has returned it with the hint that the lines would have more success in a cinema. Can you do anything for me?

* * *

POST MORTEM.

"I suppose," said the sympathetic neighbour, "that you will erect a handsome monument to your husband's memory?"

"To his memory?", echoed the tearful widow. "Why poor John hadn't any. I was sorting over some of his clothes the other day, and I found a pocketful of letters I had given him to read."

* * *

A Bulgarian officer who had lost a leg in the recent campaign was complaining of his hard case to a civilian. "At all events," the latter said, consolingly, "you have the happiness of thinking that by your efforts your countrymen were enabled to plant a foot in Turkish territory." "Perhaps," replied the officer, "but I still regret it was mine."

* * *

AHEM!

"Waiter," ordered the fussy-looking customer, sniffing the air suspiciously, "never mind bringing that order. I never can eat when there's a smell of fresh paint around."

"If you'll just wait a few minutes," replied the waiter, "them two young ladies will be going."

A DIFFERENT SENSE.

Lady: "That's right! Rail and carry on because I spend an evening at the club. I don't expect to be able to make you see what attracts a man to a club."

He (calmly): "No, you don't make me see it, but you make me smell it."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

THE BUTTON FASHION.

"They tell me that her nature is quite volcanic."
"So I should suppose. Even her dress seems to be in a state of eruption."—*Pages Folles.*

HOME CAMPAIGN.

"Our stenographer is a wise one."

"How now?"

"While the other girls were fooling around at the seashore, getting themselves engaged to ribbon clerks, she remained on the job and got affianced to the boss."—*Washington Herald.*

* * *

"Waiter," said Gloom, who had waited fifteen minutes for his soup, "have you ever been to the Zoo?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you ought to go. You'd enjoy watching the tortoises whiz past."—*The Scotsman.*

* * *

THE LIMIT.

"And is she really homely?" we ask.

"Homely!" is the reply. "Why, she's so homely that if you'd go to Canada to make love to her they'd surely deport you as looney."—*Judge.*

* * *

DIFFERENT.

Aunt: Bobby, how can you be so selfish with your apple? Don't you know that a pleasure shared is a pleasure doubled?

Bobby: Yes, but an apple shared is halved.—*Boston Transcript.*

* * *

"What do you call your dog?"

"Stock Market."

"What a peculiar name! Any particular reason?"

"I should say so. Most unreliable dog you ever saw. You can never tell what he's going to do next."—*Life.*

* * *

REDUCING THE TAX.

Manufacturer: What we must do now, my boy, is find some way of reducing the tax on silk stockings.

His son and heir: I have it, father! Give a bottle of anti-fat with each pair.—*Judge.*

* * *

HOW SIMPLE THE LIFE!

When Eve held forth in Paradise
She found much pleasure in it;
For when she did her Monday wash
It only took a minute.

And when the washing blew away
She didn't fret or whine:
She simply sauntered forth and picked
New garments from the vine.

—*Livingstone Lance.*

INTERROGATIONS
AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

The impending divorce of Prince and Princess William of Sweden has caused something like consternation in the Swedish Royal family, in which the domestic virtues are rated very high, especially since Princess Margaret of Connaught married the Crown Prince.

* * *

The Crown Princess has been untiring in her efforts to adjust her brother-in-law's matrimonial differences, and she brought all the proverbial Connaught tact and savoir faire to bear without avail.

* * *

Very many people shook their heads over the marriage of Prince William of Sweden, the Duke of Soedermanland as he is styled, and the beautiful Grand Duchess Marie Paulovna, when it took place five years ago, and the only wonder is that things have gone on so long before matters reached a crisis.

* *

Prince William is a sailor, and, as the song says, "you know what sailors are." Moreover, at the time of his marriage certain people with little sense waxed so unnecessarily and openly romantic over his final parting with a beautiful dancer, that the affair could hardly have escaped the notice of his bride. The parting was effusively referred to as final, but was it really so?

* *

The mother of the Princess died when she was a year old, and subsequently her father, the Grand Duke, married morganatically the divorced wife of one Pestholkors, and "You know what Russian Grand Dukes are."

* *

Under all the circumstances the inevitable divorce seems about the best thing which could happen, but what will be the ultimate destination of the very handsome dot which the Grand Duchess took with her to Stockholm?

* * *

The "Gossiper" of the *Daily Sketch* has just tumbled to the fact that if you take Dan Rolyat's name and loop-the-loop with it you will see that it turns out to be Taylor. As another chestnut perhaps he will tell us something about the original name of "His Majesty's Tree."

* * *

We are told that a pretty little dancer has been presented with a motor-car by a Jay K. Nut, and she is wondering how she is going to keep it up? Refreshing innocence! Keep it up, my pretty darling, keep it up.

* * *

What the dispute was about between the nut and the flapper in the Trocadero grill-room the other evening, and if it was really worth making such a scene about?

* * *

If the Earl thinks he is creating a Carrick-ter part at the Coliseum?

If it is not a little risky of the eligible Duke, who some months back succumbed to the fascinations of the elder divorcée, to indulge in his little amusements so near home?

* * *

If he is aware how carefully he is being watched, and he remembers the old adage of "Once bitten, twice shy"?

* * *

That it is quite extraordinary how many "lady thieves" are being captured at big West End shops just now, but that the managers are always careful to hush things up when ever possible?

* * *

If Somerset Maugham did not declare some time ago that he would write no more plays, and if the offers were too tempting to be resisted?

* * *

If Miss Marie Lloyd has just confided to a friend that the American lawyers charged her £300 for getting her off Ellis Island?

* * *

How his youthful Lordship enjoyed his night in a certain actress's wardrobe?

* * *

Whether she spoke the truth when she told him later that her husband's return was quite unexpected?

* * *

And if the little episode hasn't taught him a lesson not likely to be forgotten in a hurry?

* * *

How long it will take for the public to get "fed up" with Tango teas?

* * *

If Her Majesty Queen Mary, is very much against the practice of constant international marriage between Royal Families of Europe, and if she is likely to demonstrate this fact at no very distant date?

* * *

If a magnificent motor-car, for which the sum of £4,000 was recently paid, will be placed at the disposal of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand during his stay at Welbeck Abbey?

* * *

If a serious attempt is being made to bring coloured dress-waistcoats into fashion this winter?

* * *

A FASHIONABLE WOMAN'S DILEMMA.

How to reconcile the latest hat with the latest coiffure.

The name of the Member of Parliament said to have inspired the ardent love letters recently published in the *English Review*?

* * *

And if the writer is really a certain Duchess renowned since the early eighties for her romantic attachments?

* * *

That a certain energetic American woman who is "tired" of being frivolous, and wants to do something, is about to take over the management of a London hotel?

* * *

If Lloyd George's pheasant was a specimen of the Paisley game?

* * *

If "Tango sandals," worn over glove-fitting silk hose and tied with ribbons laced up the leg to the knee, are now to be introduced into the ball-room?

* * *

Who was responsible for describing London as "the place where bad American tunes come to die"?

Duchess of Marlborough wears more beautiful hats
y other Englishwoman?

* * *

certain cinema palace as been announcing "The only
l Dante's Inferno—fit for a King?" Which King?

* * *

is a fact that the Kaiser is a confirmed teetotaller and
hen dining out he has a special mixture of orange
d soda water served to him in champagne bottles?

* * *

name of the musical-comedy actress who has just
ed from her husband after three weeks of married
d if it is true that he was drunk during the marriage
ny?

* * *

r Ladyship is aware that the missing garter decorated
e diamond monogram is being kept as a souvenir of
n interesting episode by a well-known barrister?

* * *

e said barrister's wife has managed to "run it to
yet, and what will happen if she ever succeeds in
o?

* * *

e reason why women don't go straight is that men
o round?

* * *

ule. Gaby Deslys intends to get married after return-
n her visit to America, and who is the lucky man?

* * *

certain fashionable dancing academy in Kensington
y received as a pupil an old gentleman of 82 who
usly explained that he wished to learn dancing before
d as he heard they had to dance in Heaven?

* * *

e Mr. Edmund Legge got his information concern-
late Mr. Gladstone? If it is true that the latter was
usiastic banjo player, and that he used to sing negro
to his own accompaniment?

* * *

arry Lauder isn't glad that his ten years' contract is
up?

* * *

e "real diamonds" which a gushing contemporary
s that Miss Marie Studholme wears in "Her Lady-
are innocent beads purchased at Dickins and Jones's
nt Street? If altogether they cost under £1, and if
y bit of real jewellery "Her Ladyship" wears is her
g ring?

* * *

hether a woman "makes
lost time when she re-
cosmetics?

* *

her the ambiguous "Cats'
London" to which Miss
Ewen has just left
had any reference to the
rters of the Suffragettes?

* *

e of the prominent
nthropist who has
Gummy to every
of the Cabinet?

* *

police are going to
on in the case of a cer-
loured "gentleman" of
Brussel who for some
has been living upon
ngs of two white girls,
der eighteen years of age?

* *

known doctor has been
nding sand as a cure
ncholia. A little "grit"
rtainly prove effective?

* *

reason why certain
ondemned the recent per-
e at the Palace without
een it, was that they were
o obtain the necessary
n from their wives to
establishment?

* *

Tottenham Court Road is
of an evening as the
Piccadilly and why?

THE OUTPOURINGS OF POIRET.

Paul Poiret has been indulging in a series of ridiculous rhapsodies (styled "poesy" in the paper which printed them). He invests women's attire with a sort of imagery which is comically captivating:. "A woman should choose the colours of her gowns in the morning as a man chooses his necktie—to match the soul;" There Paul peters out something to make us sit up in our armchairs and press down the soda-syphon lever. Souls are articles evidently to be bought at stores, and are made of all hues. Take the man who selects a necktie in the morning—if his evening's amusement has not made him colour-blind. As he proceeds to choose, he wonders what tint his soul has taken on during his sleep. Has it assimilated a claret, or affected a salmon pink? He can't undo a strap or button, and place it before his blinking optics. So he chances it and compromises on a brown-brandy shade.

But the woman, according to Paul, has a more difficult task if she wants to be "fit." Vesta has not only to match her soul, she must consider where she is going and what the temperature is. Paul must be written down an ass. The temperature? It may tell her that it will be pouring with rain, and having enveloped herself in a 'mack' she will execrate the name of her admonitor when in brilliant sunshine she is endeavouring to escape notice in Bond Street. But Paul the preacher of how to dress rises to hitherto unattainable heights when he declares that "there are gowns that sing for joy, gowns that weep, and gowns that are full of mystery." He is somewhat down-from-date in neglecting the gowns that Tango, unless he recognises that they have nowadays little or nothing to do with dancing. But the gowns that sing? They will, of course, be of canary colour. The gown that weeps? That surely is the mournful robe saving the young widow from the effort of annexing the sad eye. But what of the gowns that are full of mystery? Evidently they are not *la mode*. There is little of the mysterious, little concealment in the present-day feminine apparel. Then the Apostle Paul lays it down that Mode is a feeling emanating from the soul, an intangible feeling. If he would worry himself less about immaterial material and give his numerous followers something tangible to think of—and above all, to wear—it would be all to the good.

A Paris beauty doctor is now recommending "starch baths" for reducing the hips. We should imagine that the cost of a course would run into a pretty "stiff" figure.

ANYTHING TO OBLIGE.

Mistress (engaging new maid): "And have you any followers?"
Maid: "No, mum. But I could easily get some."

TABLOID TOPICS.

"Galvanic Battery in a Carriage." How shocking!

* * *

A "Merchandising Course for Undergraduates" is announced. Buyology?

* * *

"Kaiser Stops the Tango"—*Express* headline. But when did he start?

* * *

Who reads newspaper fiction?, enquires the *Daily News*. Unfortunately, all of us who read newspapers.

* * *

Someone suggests that divorced wives should pay a visit to their former husbands once a year. The Call of the Wild.

* * *

Why do milliner's carmen drive so fast?, asks a correspondent. To get the goods home before the fashion changes, of course.

* * *

Among recent additions to the Zoo is a "barred warbler from Europe." Have those Yankee immigration people being doing it again?

* * *

A Mrs. Stevenson has essayed the role of Portia at Burton-on-Trent. The lady was a failure, but the locale was good. It suggests Bass—anyhow.

* * *

Women can do anything, proclaims a *Daily Mail* headline. Some of them can also lay claim to the accomplishment of being able to do anybody.

* * *

"The Army kills a Boxing Tradition," is a contemporary's caption. It couldn't be helped. Now we are foeless the army must kill something to justify its existence.

* * *

Lady Rufus Isaacs was a spectator of the ceremony known as "pricking for Sheriffs." She made a point of attending—perhaps with an idea that there was some pin-money attaching.

* * *

A cardinal rule in eating, we are told, is to do so only when you are hungry. It is as well that this should be known far and wide. There are so many people who don't eat when they are hungry.

* * *

"Sea Training for Boys. The Stork at Hammersmith," was a *Daily Telegraph* heading. Well, there's nothing like catching them young. But we do not quite see what Hammersmith has got to do with it.

* * *

"Among the spectators at the final Rugby football match at Blundell's School, Tiverton, was a blind man"—a news par informs us. Why not? Are not the blind the finest exponents of the art of touch finding?

* * *

The rate-collector at Eye, Suffolk, we learn, during his twenty-three years' service has never had to issue a single summons against a ratepayer. All my Eye! Of course, it is those who *don't* pay the rates that he proceeds against.

* * *

The Territorial Force, says General Bethune, is a very good body of men, and "the country is getting very good margarine as a substitute for butter." The real trouble, we understand, is that the country does not even get *full* weight.

* * *

"Many a lifelong career of connubial bliss dates back to a muddy stile," said counsel at the Enfield right of way case. Perhaps so, but, at the same time, many of the "stick-in-the-mud" fellows look back with disgust upon the incident.

* * *

A silver medallion which was to be presented to Lord Haldane at Edinburgh University was, at the last moment, found to have disappeared. To cover up the confusion the officials presented him with an empty case. Being at one time a barrister it was, no doubt, not the first time he had wasted eloquent words on an empty case.

* * *

"The sporting girl becomes too like the men, and expresses her character to him too much," declared Dr. T. Claye Shaw to the Institute of Hygiene, in support of his theory that sport is a bad marriage market. And other authorities tell us that a slump in the wedding statistics is caused by the non-sporting girl exposing too much of other parts of her anatomy. What are we to believe?

"How to be happy through married." Get a [illegible] separation.

* * *

"In November leaves race one another across the lawn," says a weekly. Set a leaf to catch a leaf.

* * *

Larkin has come to London with the "Fiery Cross." Still we don't notice he has set the Thames ablaze.

* * *

Cotton at Liverpool, we learn, is steady. This notwithstanding that a large quantity has passed through the gins.

* * *

What is alcohol good for? asks the *Daily Mail*. One of its uses is to provide soft jobs for the professional temperance lecturers.

* * *

A gentleman who has composed a Tango for the *Evening News* has had his picture printed in the *Daily Mirror*. Served him right, too!

* * *

A postmaster at Briesen, Prussia, announces the birth of his thirteenth child, a boy. He ought to name it "the last mail," and go out of business.

* * *

It is rumoured that on the day that the *Daily News* published an article entitled "How to manage a woman," its circulation went up fifty per cent.

* * *

"Why not fireproof clothes?", asks the *Mirror*. Unnecessary, we think, although a fireproof suit would, perhaps, not come amiss to some of us at some future time.

* * *

Experiments are taking place with a view to [illegible] telephone calls. The effort of the Hello! girls to [illegible] are evidently not proving so great as we imagined.

* * *

A Scottish admirer of Mr. Bernard Shaw tells us he is afraid the new G.B.S. play, "Great Catharine," is "verra weel." Cates of this kind are apt to cloy the [illegible]

* * *

Sicilian Buttercups are attracting much attention at the Crystal Palace International Poultry Show. They receive the name, we presume, because, like most chickens, they are best in the spring.

* * *

The Rector of Rayne, Essex, has decided to give smoking concerts to male parishioners during the winter. Beer, coffee, tobacco and pipes are to be supplied free. Showers of blessing for Rayne.

* * *

[illegible] the time [illegible] week-ends a Shakespeare orchard," said Mr. Jusserand [illegible] a lecture at the Coliseum Club. Quite natural that he should feel at home among the apple-trees.

* * *

Prince William of Wied, the new King of Albania, has a consort weighing 17 stones. At any rate this gives rise to variations in pronunciation, for he may be called Wide while she may be addressed as Wide.

* * *

Mr. C. B. Fernald, the playwright, states "My next is laid in Hell, and there will be some novel scenes." Indeed, we understand these in Fernald scenes are calculated to make Ned Way-burn with envy.

* * *

"Refined cruelty. Husband's threats of suicide." A par headline. We have read the account and believe that we are correct in assuming that the worst feature of the cruelty was the fact of the rotter not carrying out his threats.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Owing to a growing practice among alleged artists of copying drawings which have appeared in this journal, we find it necessary to state that—with the exception of pictures which may appear on our page of contemporary humour, the source of which is always acknowledged—all the illustrations in *Modern Life* are original and drawn specially for this paper. Copyists who persist in transgressing the laws of copyright do so at their peril. The originals of sketches which have appeared in these pages are for sale. Prices on application to the Editor.

"Will you come to see the Pictures?", said the "Spider" to the "Fly."

is truly a great composer who can set a hen to music.

* * *

n the vegetarian may try to make both ends meet.

* * *

most exclusive people in the world are in solitary con-

* * *

woman never believes all her husband believes she

* * *

honest man doesn't strive for the kind of success that an excuse.

* * *

a fortunate thing for some imposing family trees that roots are well out of sight.

* * *

out of ten men who claim to have been driven to trotted up to the trough of their own accord.

* * *

a man can't because he believes he can't.

A man doesn't have to be an orator in order to speak well of himself.

* * *

No, Cordelia, the chap with a cork limb doesn't necessarily belong to the floating population

* * *

It's as easy to buy experience as it is difficult to sell it.

* * *

It is easy for a young man to find a pin in a girl's belt, but he usually gets hold of the wrong end

* * *

Many a true word is spoken with lying intent.

* * *

Most married men are happier than they suppose.

* * *

Once in a while a young man falls in love and lands on his feet.

* * *

If all prayers were answered the majority of men would quit work.

IN STAGELAND.

I am informed on semi-reliable authority from Randvoll House, a home of big variety concerns, that yet another revue is to be broken on the head of poor, satiated Variety. A certain telephonic musical melange, which was by no means an unqualified success, theatrically speaking, is, it is alleged, to be condensed and converted with the striking title of "Vot is About ——?" by way of compliment to the eminently commercial Teutonic man of weight who partially conceived the brain wave!

* * *

So cheer up, Honri! We may after all see something that appeals to us even less than "What About It?"

* * *

"The Girl on the Film," with personnel complete as at present billed, is shortly bound for New York. Here's wishing them all unique success and an heiress for Grossmith. The new production, not yet entitled, lyrics exclusively by Rubens, will go into active rehearsal at once.

* * *

"Are You There?" will not be able to keep its end up at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, its demise being hourly expected.

* * *

Mr. Tozer, of the Syndicate Halls, appears to have come rather well out of the difficult little contretemps caused by Wilkie Bard's agents over-lapping his bookings for the week immediately following his return from America. A hall in Liverpool, and the Pavilion and Tivoli claimed him for the week in question, and he is playing the two latter halls.

* * *

Mr. Ned Wayburn has been relieving some of the mortification he must be feeling by writing to the sympathetic New York Press that "the managers here are still in the dark ages." Thank Fate for that, and may we never be afflicted of the kind of "light" that this gentleman suffers from so terribly.

* * *

The *Daily Sketch* distinguishes itself by sorting out some half-dozen famous foreign artistes who gave an aggregate value of talent worth some hundreds of pounds to the generously planned programme staged by the London Opera House for the Olympic Fund. Then the kind gentleman asks why, as the fund is so essentially English, all foreigners should not have been barred. I apologise to Mme. Lydia Kyasht and her associates on behalf of the Press generally for such churlish carelessness. Perhaps the Countess of Warwick will impart to the deficient members some much-needed polish.

* * *

Congratulations are again due to Beatie and Babs. A well-contrived show, blending daintiness and humour in most desirable proportions, is their revised "Sagragette." It used to be merely mildly entertaining in an unexciting way. Clever and clean, it is now improved out of all recognition into an example of the most desirable type of vaudeville act. Therefore it surprises me not at all that an egregious person on the *Evening News* should find that they "bore him," and that they are "untrained."

* * *

I am learning that one of the surest guides to the acts really best worth seeing at the moment is to watch for the people who provoke the disapproval of "The Man in the Stalls." You may then go with absolute confidence in the act's ability to please. On the other hand it is interesting to read that Miss Daisy James meets with his entire approval. Would that he partook in some small degree of that keen judgment and insight which has made the *Evening News* one of the most important factors of modern journalism.

* * *

There are unfortunately many critics to-day of whom one may not unreasonably complain that they will persist in calling continually on their fellow-creatures to watch and admire, what time they quell the raging fire of popularity with a garden syringe. This class inevitably shrink from leaving their shelter to risk the consequences which might attend a trenchant attack upon those elements which, happily to a far less degree now than formerly, bitterly offend the minds and susceptibilities of the most acceptable class who constitute present-day theatrical audiences.

* * *

Theirs it is to share the common, contemptible lot of those gallery first-nighter hooligans whose sole outward and visible sign of a non existent superiority of understanding is displayed in the hooting and hissing of established favourites when the curtain has been rung down on the first presentation of a successful musical comedy. A very fair example of this latter imbecile demonstration was to be found in the scene which jarred the nerves of the distinguished gathering which so emphatically approved of "The Girl from Utah" on the occasion of its first night recently at the Adelphi.

* * *

I suppose, however, that there must be a really strong temptation to make someone else appear ridiculous sometimes one have made a ludicrous spectacle of oneself by wasting six to eight hours of a working day by waiting under uncomfortable conditions for the privilege of paying 1s. or 2s. 6d. for three hours' entertainment.

* * *

By the way, those who have prematurely burst into print with the date of the Tivoli's closing down for rebuilding are out of order. Mr. Tozer tells me he himself does not yet know the date that will eventually be arranged.

* * *

It is not at all surprising that "The Escalade" is coming off the Hippodrome bill at an early date. The wonder is that it lasted so long, for it was a frost from the first jump, and never succeeded in rousing much enthusiasm from the audience. Indeed, I rather think the audiences have been somewhat unjust, for they have been so bored by the processional business up and down the stairs that they failed to give the recognition it deserved to the marvellous endurance displayed by the lady who performs upon the [illegible].

* * *

If "The Escalade" is not a winner, however, the Hippodrome can certainly expect a long run for "Half-an-Hour." Barrie's very strong playlet, which is most excellently played by Miss Irene Vanbrugh, with the capable assistance of Sydney Valentine, Edmund Gwenn, and others. It is one of the best things in London at the present moment.

* * *

I hear that "Drake" is to spend the Christmas month at Manchester, the production in all its details, and in the number of supers employed, being as near as posible an exact replica of the original.

HAPPY FANNY FIELDS (from her latest photograph.)

The censorship trouble has spread to the States, but this time it is the "movies" that are in the picture. In Ohio a law providing for the censorship of moving pictures has just been passed, and is to come into operation on December 4. In the meantime two of the leading film companies are instituting legal proceedings against the new State law on the ground that it abridges personal liberty, and also is unconstitutional.

ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR.

Royal and Noble Love Affairs.

No. 30.

THE AMAZING VICISSITUDES OF ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR, A ONE-TIME QUEEN OF THE FRENCH STAGE, AND THE LOVER OF THE FAMOUS MARSHAL DE SAXE.

One dark winter's night in the April of 1730 a weird little procession might have been seen wending its way along the Rue Bourgogne in Paris, a dark alley, deeply overhung with old-fashioned gables—a street which had witnessed many foul deeds in times past. The procession consisted of four men, carrying a litter, whereon lay the dead body of a woman. Dying impenitant, the poor creature had been refused Christian burial by the Abbe Languet, and now she was being borne at dead of night to a piece of bog-land 'midst the fogs of the Seine, to be buried in a nameless grave. And so passed from this vale of tears the woman who, but a few years before, had held Paris enthralled by her marvellous impersonations; who in the rôles of Jocaste, Athalie, Roxane, Corneille, and above all, in the Phedre of Racine, had for years stood without a rival in all France. This woman it was, too, who had been the lover of the glorious Maurice de Saxe, who, long after her bones had mingled with the dust, was to crown his military achievements with glorious victories at Tournay, Ghent, Bruges, Oudenarde, Tenderand, Ostend, Brussels, Antwerp, Mons, Charleroi, and Tongsan, and to pass away, covered with years and honour, to become the subject of the laments of a hundred poets, and the emblem of the engravings of a score of sculptors. History provides few more amazing examples of the vicissitudes of human existence than the career of Adrienne Lecouvreur.

"My World, my Hope, and my God!"

Adrienne came into the world with nothing but her beauty and natural gifts. As recently as 1895, in the Rue du Cumieres, the little street where she was born at the obscure French town of Damery, they put up a medallion showing the faces in relief of Adrienne and Maurice de Saxe—a tardy recognition of what was due to Damery's greatest daughter, perhaps, but "better late than never." But we doubt if Adrienne would have permitted the medallion, had she been consulted. She was one of those curious women with whom everything "seems to go wrong," who is always full of grievances, always "misunderstood," and generally at loggerheads with the world in general. Her whole life was one long protest against her destiny. No good done in her art, no success in love, ever brought to this restless woman the satisfaction she longed for. When they were closing her eyes in death, and the priest was earnestly appealing to her to repent and acknowledge the Faith, she turned her dull, weary eyes to a bust of Maurice de Saxe, and exclaimed with her last breath: "There is my world, my hope, and my God!"

The Awakenings of a Great Art.

It was Adrienne's misfortune to be born of a family in whom the taint of insanity was strong. Hence, perhaps, her own fits of gloom and pessimism, when the greatest achievements of her artistic career left her wretched with forebodings of ill to come. But Adrienne's mother was a bright, cheery housewife, who had been a village belle in her day, and who had transmitted her beauty to her daughter. M. Lecouvreur was a poor German hat-maker of Damery, with few of the pleasures of this life at his command, and his little daughter's mud-pies in the village street were her greatest amusements. Still, those were Adrienne's happiest days, for from the time she arrived in Paris when her father had to travel in search of employment, she became subject to fits of depression consequent upon the awakening of a great art within her, and its obvious manifestation to the strangers amongst whom she had come to live. So powerful was this power on the part of the hatter's daughter that while still a child Adrienne had her own troupe of comedians and comediennes in her alley in Paris, and before long she was drilling her company in a tiny attic lent by a tender-hearted grocer of their street in the Temple Quartier.

And ere long the fame of this gutter-brat as an actress began to permeate "the halls of the mighty" in the French capital, while the denizens of the Rue Forou nightly flocked to Adrienne's one-room theatre to see her play Pauline in "Polyeucte." From being merely a play-room for Adrienne Lecouvreur and her little friends the "theatre" soon began to take professional shape, and a move had to be made elsewhere, this time a courtyard lent by a kind-hearted old lady of wealth in the Rue Garancière. So remarkable was the acting of little Adrienne Lecouvreur at this early period that the players of the Theatre Royal grew jealous, and Adrienne's unauthorised theatre was forcibly closed, and she had to leave Paris. Such appalling persecution is hard to believe, even in the early days of the eighteenth century, but true it is that Adrienne Lecouvreur owed much of her subsequent triumph to the petty jealousy of the official players in the days of her childhood.

Adrienne gives her love to a blackguard from Picardy.

Adrienne was now an accomplished actress, with something of a name. Paris being forbidden her, she started on a tour of France, being received everywhere with ebullitions of joy which were, perhaps, as much due to provincial resentment at the annoyance she had suffered in Paris as to her transcendental histrionic powers. Anyway she found herself a star of the brightest potency, with the world at her feet. At nineteen Adrienne Lecouvreur had reached the pinnacle of her fame, and at Lille, Luneville, and Strassburg her triumphs were such as had never before been known. And with success—she was receiving 2,000 livres from the Strassburg theatre alone—came love, or a make-shift for it. One of the handsomest men in Strassburg, D'Argental, pursued her with violent protestations of his affection, and desired only to make her his wife. But Adrienne was full of discontent, and she refused him. A Picardy noble, of whom nothing good was portended, then hurled himself in her path. He being a blackguard, Adrienne of course fell (temporarily) in love with him; gave him everything; forgot that he had a wife and children—as women, alas! *can* forget when they want to!—and sincerely mourned him when he went the way of all flesh.

However, Adrienne wasn't to be left long without something to grizzle over. She was essentially one of those women who find something to feel angry about in the greatest of human blessings. The higher the delights, the greater the chagrin and humiliation; the sweeter the gift, the keener the regret afterwards. But the world temporarily changed when the joyous Lothringen, Phillippe le Roy, came to Strassburg to see Adrienne, and to fall in love with her at first sight. Many months Adrienne and the Lorraine prince passed in what ought to have been sweet felicity, and with the knowledge that their love was to be sealed by the birth of a child. The infant was held at the altar by Phillippe le Roy, who was described as "Officier de Mogr. le Duc de Lorraine." The baptism took place at the church of St. Eustache in Paris, and the child was named Elizabeth Adrienne.

"Sick of Love."

But Adrienne Lecouvreur was one of those emotional women who try the tempers of men to breaking point. Phillippe le Roy grew tired of her waywardness, her petulance, her craving for "something higher," something unattainable—something

which no ordinary person wants. And so did Clavel, the handsome actor who succeeded the Lothringen in Adrienne's favours. Passionately Adrienne wrote to Clavel to implore him to bear with her yet a little longer. She asked him to hate her, but not to deceive her. Then a rich Strassburger, a M. de Klinglin, a son of the Preteur Royale de Strassburg, fell a victim to Adrienne's bewitchment, and for a few weeks he was torn between a violent passion for the actress, and the impossibility of achieving anything like domestic peace with her. Eventually, the Preteur's son plucked love from his heart, bade Adrienne a sorrowful adieu, and went out of her life for ever. Adrienne was now desperate with fate. "I am utterly sick of love," she wrote, "and feel greatly tempted to have done with it for the rest of my life, for, after all, I have no wish to die or to go mad!" But as it is always worse before it is better, the crisis in Adrienne's career was swiftly approaching.

In the hope of forgetting the love-affairs of Lorraine and Strassburg, Adrienne once again turned back to Paris, where now she was to be received with an enthusiasm only equalled by the coldness of her former parting. Her début at the Comedie Française as "Monime" was a *furore*. Voltaire described her as "the woman who in Greece would have had altars erected in her honour." From this time Adrienne Lecouvreur began a career in which she was destined to remain without a serious rival for more than a decade. From the monarch to the urchins of the gutters she was an idol to be worshipped, and all Paris flocked to her *salon* as to a Royal drawing-room. But nothing brought true happiness to Adrienne Lecouvreur. Her jealousy, her pride, her "touchiness" were ever a source of gall to her, until the very summits of her success were the sources of acute anguish. "You think I am happy," she wrote to a friend, "the most enviable of my sex: but do you know that I would gladly exchange all my so-called triumphs for a year of the time when I was playing at acting at the Rue Ferou." However, one great element of human bliss still awaited her.

Three Years of Perfect Bliss.

In 1721, when Adrienne Lecouvreur met Maurice de Saxe, the young officer had not given indications of those superlative military qualities which he was later to manifest. But he had already won his laurels by his sword. Born one of the illegitimate sons of Augustus the Strong, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, by the Swedish Countess von Konigsmarck, he had been present with the Allied Army at Lille when only twelve years old, and at fifteen he had been married to the beautiful Countess von Loben, who was equally young, and very rich. In 1717 he was present at the siege of Belgrade under Prince Eugen, and he was cordially welcomed in Paris by the Regent, the Duke of Orleans. Maurice, as befitted a son of Poland's licentious monarch, was a scapegrace where the ladies were concerned, but Adrienne Lecouvreur cared nothing for his shameless past when she was confronted by him.

Easily she fell a slave to his endearments, and almost immediately a *liaison* was entered upon which was destined to last for several years, and then to be ruthlessly broken. The young Countess von Loben soon set Maurice de Saxe free to pursue the lovely Adrienne to his heart's content, and within a few weeks Adrienne had consecrated herself to Maurice de Saxe for life. All her previous *affaires* were forgotten in this great new-found love. Adrienne Lecouvreur now lived in a dreamland of Maurice de Saxe's creation. Her semi-Royal lover was his father's counterpart in size and strength, and the ardour of his passion, and being some years younger than Adrienne she found in him all that she had longed for in those victorious yet disappointing days in Lorraine. For three blissful years her stage victories and her noble lover brought to Adrienne Lecouvreur all that is sweetest in human existence. Then the blow fell.

Maurice breaks the bond for the Courland Dukedom.

Just when the love of Adrienne and Maurice de Saxe was solacing them both for many weary years, the Duke of Courland died, and the vacant duchy was offered to the Saxon. The dead Duke's widow, who had known Maurice from boyhood, had been in love with him for many years, and now she saw, or thought she saw, the gratification of her passion within sight. She was a daughter of the Russian Tsar Ivan Alexis; but Empress Catherine I had another candidate for the vacant duchy "up her sleeve," and when the rival candidates met, war quickly followed. The result of the war was that Maurice de Saxe was driven from his "kingdom," and the Duchess of Courland shortly after succeeded to the Tsardom of Russia, and there and then offered her heart and hand to Maurice de Saxe. Prior to these events, however, there had been a heart-breaking parting between the adventurous Maurice and Adrienne Lecouvreur. The offer of the duchy of Courland to her lover meant a severance which might never be terminated. On her knees she implored him to think of the broken reed which he would leave in Paris, should he accept the duchy; with her pen bathed in tears she wrote daily letters to beseech him not to forsake her. But all to no purpose. The invitation to become a minor ruler in Eastern Europe was too strong, and with the parting with Maurice de Saxe the light of Adrienne Lecouvreur's life went out. She had one glimmer of hope left, however. Maurice had promised "upon his word of honour" to return to [illegible] as his position in Courland was assured. On that [illegible] whole hope of future happiness depended.

Maurice returns to Adrienne's Arms in Paris.

And when the news came that Maurice had agreed to wed the Tsarina who had made him a duke, and now intended to make him an Emperor, she broke down and prayed for death. "I am distracted with rage and wretchedness," she wrote. "It is natural to cry out against such falseness. This man *ought* to know me, *ought* to love me—oh, my God, what am I to do?" However, circumstances were to drive Maurice de Saxe [illegible] the arms of the woman who loved him so well. Just [illegible] arrangements for Maurice's marriage to the Tsarina were proceeding with celerity, the bitter discovered that she [illegible] was "carrying on" with one of her ladies-in-waiting. [illegible] was she at the discovery that the perfidious Maurice [illegible] "bag and baggage," and refused to see him any more. [illegible] again Adrienne Lecouvreur was to find the one man she loved [illegible] to her aching breast. Pity [illegible] was returned. Maurice now asked only shelter, and having received [illegible] consolations of Adrienne, entered swiftly upon [illegible] the Duchesse de Bouillon, the most profligate woman [illegible]

Adrienne's revenge was swift and sure. Awaiting the [illegible] of the Duchesse at the theatre, she selected a play in which the words admirably fitted her own case. Then, turning boldly towards the Duchesse in her box, Adrienne declaimed, so that the whole audience understood her action, "I am not one of those brazen women who, tasting a shameful peace in crime, can show to the world a face which knows not how to blush!" With the howls of an angry audience ringing through her conscience, the Duchesse hastily quitted the theatre, and, ere long, Maurice de Saxe went off to the battles of Ettlingen and Philipsburg. Adrienne Lecouvreur was found dead of dysentery, on the [illegible] of March, 1734.

THE MAGNETIC GIRL.

How She Compels Others to Obey Her Will.

100,000 Copies of Remarkable Book describing peculiar Psychic Powers to be distributed Post Free to readers of "Modern Life."

"The wonderful power of Personal Influence, Fascination, Mind Control, call it what you will, acquired by everyone no matter how unattractive or mental," says Mr. Elmer Ellsworth Edwards, author of the book entitled: "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces.' The book lays bare many [illegible] the practices of the Eastern Yogis, and describes a simple though effective system of controlling the thoughts and acts of others; how one may gain the love and friendship of those who might otherwise remain indifferent; how to quickly and accurately judge the character and disposition of an individual; how to cure the most obstinate diseases and habits without drugs or medicines; even the complex subject of projecting thoughts (telepathy) is explained. Miss Josephine Davis, the popular stage favourite, whose portrait appears above, declares that Prof. Knowles' book opens the door to success, health, and happiness to every mortal, no matter what his or her position in life. She believes that Prof. Knowles has discovered principles which, if universally adopted, will revolutionise the mental status of the human race.

The book, which is being distributed broadcast free of [illegible] is full of photographic reproductions showing how these unseen forces are being used all over the world, and how thousands upon thousands have developed powers which they [illegible] they possessed. The free distribution of the [illegible] being conducted by a large London institution, and [illegible] be sent post free to anyone interested. No money [illegible] but those who wish to do so may enclose 2d (stamps) [illegible] postage, etc. All requests for the free book should be addressed to: National Institute of Sciences, Free Distribution Dept., No. 258, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E. Simply say you would like a copy of "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces," and mention MODERN LIFE.

MODERN SPORT
FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

The cheese-paring policy of the M.C.C. in sending only ...teen players out to South Africa to represent England ... the cricket championship contests is already being felt. ...inson is apparently on the shelf permanently, and Barnes ...ering from a chill could not play in the first two matches.

A MATCH-WINNING BOWLER.

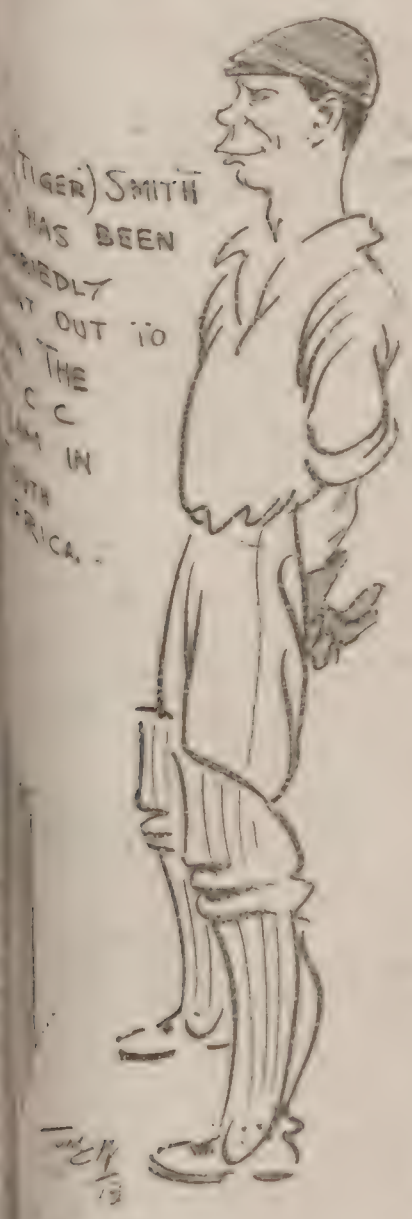
Sidney Barnes is one of those players who can win ...ches by his individual play. Some years ago, when ...cLaren took the English team to Australia he created ...od deal of surprise by including Barnes, and by saying ... that he considered him the best bowler in England. ... a test-match player Barnes has absolutely vindicated ...Laren's judgment, and perhaps the present pre-eminent ...on of English cricket is more due to Barnes than any ...r two men playing to-day. And yet Barnes declines to ... in first-class cricket in this country. He prefers the ...day games in the second-class County competition and ...ashire League cricket to a regular place in the Lanca... team.

WHY HE PREFERS LEAGUE CRICKET.

... is not generally known that a player like Barnes can ... a bigger income for playing in League cricket than in ...unty games. Nor is it generally known that in ...shire and Yorkshire more interest is taken in the ... games, and bigger gates attracted to them than the ... can draw. The matches are played and finished in ... day, and the public get something for their money, ... is also the inter-town and city rivalry, which is ... in these Northern centres.

GOOD BATTING FORM IN S.A.

... is particularly comforting to us on this side is the ... Hobbs, Rhodes, Hearne, Mead, Bird, Woolley and ...las have all shown the ability to get runs on the ... wickets. It is true that they have not yet met the ... the South African bowlers, but they have got their notches, and Hobbs, with an average of nearly 100, is playing sparkling cricket. It is quite a hopeful prospect for us, and if only Barnes proves as good in South Africa as in Australia and England there is no fear of the result. That is the crucial question, for the side is not too overwhelmingly strong in bowling.



RHODES'S GREAT RECORD.

Rhodes has one little task to accomplish which Douglas is sure to give him the chance of completing. He wants one wicket for his 100 in test matches. Rhodes, when he came into the Yorkshire team as the successor to Peel, was a slow bowler of infinite guile, and for years his batting was quite a matter of indifference to his captain. But Rhodes had other views about his play, and he said he would play for England as a batsman. Gradually he worked up the list in the Yorkshire team until he became ... in, and now, with Hobbs, he is England's recog... opening batsman. A nice modest fellow is Rhodes, ... to his credit that he has never suffered from swelled ... like more than one successful player we all know.

A GOLF YARN FROM AMERICA.

A good story is told of Ray and Vardon during their American trip, which, by the way, ended by the return to England of both men on the "Celtic" before these lines are printed. They were taken for a motor ride one day and shown a tiny nine-holes course up the mountains near the Shawnee course. Ray pretended he did not know the game, and the local professional gave him some lessons in driving.

After Ray had made some ludicrous misses he hit a ball just short of the green 300 yards distant and uphill. The pro. nearly had a fit, and said that Ray would probably make a player if he stuck to it, and even when introduced to Vardon and Ray he did not know their names.

WILFRID REID TO STAY IN U.S.A.

It is rumoured that Wilfrid Reid, one of the three British pros. who went to America in quest of the States Championship, contemplates settling down in the States. There are four generations of golfers in the Reid family; his grandfather, father and daughter. Can any other family find a match for them?

The following are the winners of the chief open competitions of the past season:—

The principal open tournaments resulted as follows:—£400 (*News of the World*) Tournament, George Duncan (Hanger Hill); St. George's Challenge Cup, H. D. Gillies (Woking); £350 (*Sphere and Tatler*) Foursome Tournament, Harry Vardon (South Herts) and T. Williamson (Notts); Parliamentary Handicap, Lord Northesk; Stock Exchange, G. S. Hughes; London Amateur Foursomes, Coombe Hill (H. E. Taylor and H. L. Doherty); Bar Tournament, D. M. Smith; Army Championship, Capt. Skeene (Black Watch); Nice Challenge Cup, C. R. Blandford (Nice); Assistant Professionals Tournament, F. C. Jewell (North Middlesex); Leeds Challenge Cup, W. Hambleton (Anson); Midland Professional Foursomes, L. Holland and G. V. Tuck; Sussex Professional Foursomes, A. E. Baggs and W. Kneller; Yorkshire Professional Foursomes, J.W. Gaudin and H.E. Dean; *Golf Illustrated* Cup, Abe Mitchell (Cantelupe); *Golf Illustrated* Ladies' Cup, Miss Cecil Leitch (Walton Heath); *Ladies' Pictorial* Tournament, Miss Barry (Cheltenham); *Ladies' Golf* Cup, Miss M. Bouverie (Northampton); Greenkeepers' Association Tournament, G. Mollice (Banstead Downs); Stewards' Association Tournament, F. Marshall (Oxhay); Inter-Theatre Challenge Shield, Kinsgway Theatre.

The Royal and Ancient Club's prizes were won by the following: Royal Medal, S. Mure Fergusson; Gold Medal, Edward Blackwell; Silver Cross, Edward Blackwell; George Glennie Medal, Edward Blackwell; Calcutta Cup, Col. Johnstone; Jubilee Vase, F. M. Richardson.

'VARSITY RUGBY.

Cambridge Rugby fifteen are going ahead splendidly, and the fears that the side would not be quite up to the standard of last year's winning team have been quite laid at rest. In their match with Blackheath their forwards out-lasted "the Club" scrummagers, and Blackheath were beaten. As it has been freely stated that Blackheath are the best club side in England this year this is rattling good form. W. M. Wallace, the full-back, was injured early in the game against Monkstown on Tuesday last, but even this did not greatly affect the combination of the team, and they beat the Irishmen by no fewer than six goals and four tries to a try.

BRILLIANT CAMBRIDGE ATTACK.

Cambridge are a brilliant attacking side, as they should be with such three-quarters as J. G. Will and C. N. Lowe. C. Thorne has not quite come up to expectations perhaps, and I fancy that the final choice will be D. I. de Villiers and

Lowe for the right wing, with Will and W. H. B. Baxter on the other.

B. S. Cumberlege and J. C. M. Lewis, the Welsh International, have now settled down to fine combined work, and should prove one of the strongest pairs of half-backs of recent years. I suppose Lewis during the vacation, when he will probably return to Welsh club footer, will also become homely "Clem." Lewis again, and drop the J. C. M.

The brilliance of the Cambridge attack is shown by their record of over 200 points up till now this season, but they are a wee bit shaky in defence. On the accepted theory that a strong attack is the best possible defence, it does not so much matter; but it has led to a good many tries being scored against them this year.

OXFORD FORM.

Oxford are not so good on relative form, but they are strong enough in attack, although the constitution of the three-quarter line is not quite determined. It rests between A. G. Loudoun-Shand, the Scottish International, who is not too sound in health, G. B. Rhodes, E. A. Southee, O. Jenkins, F. J. Christison and G. B. Crole. Southee, who played his first match against Leicester, made such a fine impression that he looks like keeping his place.

The Oxford forwards are the weak spot in the side, and at Queen's Club I shall be greatly surprised if they are not well beaten by the hefty Cambridge pack before the close of the match. On this score I look for a fairly easy victory for the light blues. But then the favourites usually lose at Queen's Club.

By the way, there are many grumbles at this match being played at Queen's. It has not half the accommodation necessary. If the authorities once took it to Stamford Bridge or Tottenham, say, they would never go anywhere else. After all, a spectator at the 'Varsity match is entitled to just as much consideration as one at an ordinary League game, and a wet day at Queen's is anathema.

BARNSLEY'S CURIOUS POLICY.

The transfer of George Utley from Barnsley is one of the sensations of the season in Soccer football. Big prices have often been paid for forwards blessed with the ability to score goals, but no such sum has ever been given for a half-back. Barnsley folk are giving the management of the club "what for" for parting with one of the most popular men in the team, when there was no financial strain or necessity to do so.

All three of Barnsley's half-backs who played in the cup-winning side have now been transferred to First League clubs. Glendinning has gone to Bolton Wanderers, Boyle to Burnley, and now Utley to Sheffield. The three men brought in £4,500.

THE INTERNATIONAL TRIAL MATCH.

The teams for the first International trial match, England v. the South, to be played at Fulham to-day (Monday) are:

England.—Hardy (Aston Villa), goal; Crompton (Blackburn Rovers) (captain) and Pennington (West Bromwich Albion), backs; Cuggy (Sunderland), McCall (Preston North End) and Watson (Burnley), half-backs; Walden (Tottenham Hotspur), Fleming (Swindon), Hampton (Aston Villa), Holley (Sunderland), and Hodkinson (Blackburn Rovers), forwards.

The South.—Webster (Watford), goal; T. G. Burn (London Caledonians) and Womack (Birmingham), backs; K. R. G. Hunt (Crystal Palace), Hanney (Reading), and Grimsdell (Tottenham Hotspur), half-backs: Wallace (Aston Villa), V. J. Woodward (Chelsea) (captain), Pearce (Fulham), McFadden (Clapton Orient) and Middlemiss (Tottenham Hotspur), forwards.

It was expected that Walden and Grimsdell would get a chance of proving their worth in representative football, Middlemiss is doing as well for the South that his inclusion was practically a certainty. The England side is about the strongest they could get, and I do not think there will be many changes. Readers of these notes have been prepared for most of the selections.

N.C.U.'s HIGH-HANDED ACTION.

The National Cyclists' Union, or rather the North Yorkshire and South Durham centre of it, appear to have taken a rather high-handed step in suspending seven racing cyclists, and, so far as one can judge, without trial.

J. T. Armstrong, who won the mile championship of the centre at North Ormesby, has been suspended sine die, the mile championship has been declared void, and the races won by Armstrong subsequently, and he has been ordered to return all prizes won since that date, the suspension being retrospective. The N.C.U. officials may be right in their deductions, but their methods seem to leave a little to be desired. An open trial should be given to any one accused of corrupt practices in sport.

NO OLYMPIC CHAMPIONS.

The freshmen's sports at Oxford and Cambridge do not look like introducing us to any British athletes likely to make a great name. At Oxford Rhodes scholars captured all the events, but none of the performances stand out; they are much below the standard all round.

BOXING.

The news that Sam Langford, the champion of the light-heavyweight class of the self-constituted International Boxing Union, who certainly do not know Langford's weight, or they would not have awarded him the title, has been beaten in America by Gunboat Smith on points in ten rounds, is certainly surprising. Smith had all the best of the opening exchanges but tired, and Langford made great work at the finish, and the spectators were

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decision. But Langford had not done enough to wipe earlier lead.

gford's weight has ever been an interesting point of So far as I can understand he refuses to confirm rtion that he is under 12 stone by stepping on the to be officially weighed. When he fought Ian Hague National he said he was 11st. 7lb.—(I am writing nemory)—but he looked 13st. and was, I believe, chal- by Mr. Bettinson to a wager that he could not scale than 12st. 7lb. then. If that is so he is well over ow. It would be interesting to get this controversy , as I presume it will have to be if Langford decides to up the title conferred upon him for advertising

t like black and white matches, and rarely go to , but I wanted to see just how good Bandsman Rice view of his match with Bombardier Wells, which is ow the set-to between the big fellow and Carpentier, t to the Ring and saw him cut up that capable light- eight, Bob Scanlon. Rice is a punishing fighter of e Wells does not like, and despite his defeat last at the hands of Carpentier he is just the man I should see fight the French wonder. He is probably one of ongest men in the ring at the moment.

had some pretty boxing later on the same night at the al Sporting Club, when Young Brooks beat Joe , the Kettering feather-weight. Brooks has improved ll give Kid Lewis a hard fight for the Lonsdale belt an get in a match with him, but there is talk of Lewis g Owen Moran for £1,000 and the belt at the National the New Year. In that case Brooks would have to r Lewis would hardly jeopardise the title with a match oran in prospect.

e was rather a curious ending to the Starmer—Brooks In coming out of a clinch in the last round Brooks t appeared as if he had tripped over a loose shoe- Starmer's. He sprained his ankle so badly that he only keep up by holding on to Starmer, but he d to last the round, and won well on points.

THE CHIEL AMANG YE.

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and

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RRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

London, W.).—Thanks, but the subject of corsets for men t us just now.

ham).—Glad to learn that your dealings with H. Hamilton Winningen, Switzerland, have been quite satisfactory. Other uiring a reliable Football Accountant should note this.

Hammersmith).—Story a bit thin. We don't expect you to edding, a divorce, an aeroplane accident, a murder, a suffra- to gaol for throwing disused vegetables at a beak, an adven- Tango expert, a battle, a wreck, a horse-race, a revolution, -mine explosion all into one column. But there are limits.

(Croydon).—Quite passable verse, but poetry of any sort makes at ill, so we never use it. Besides, it isn't Spring, you know.

(Bolton).—We once knew an artist who made a success in life a simple rule. During his leisure hours he painted pictures. t his time he attended to business. It was during the latter t he made money. Send a stamp if you want sketch returned.

(Leeds).—We should advise you to confine your business to ablished Football firm like White, Fisher and Co., of 5, Rue ve, Geneva, Switzerland. This firm has been established 18 has a reputation for always paying.

ger of Daughters," and "A Father" (Brighton).—Thanks for ich we should value even more if your names were attached.

(Lanarkshire).—Please learn to draw before submitting any ches, and if you want back the two you have submitted aven alone knows what you'll do with 'em), send along a p.

Hill).—We are lying low and saying nuffin. Christmas is not

Chichester).—Sorry we cannot help you. Better write to Mary of the Ex

(Portsmouth).—Help! After the Editor read your "original" to be carried out on a stretcher.

(Johannesburg).—Glad to hear from readers afar. Verses. s no good.

Southport).—The paper in question did not refute our charges. how it could.

(Bow, E.).—Read reply to H. Harris, Leeds, re White, Fisher

BE ABOVE THE ORDINARY MAN

If you were head and shoulders above your competitors in a literal sense, you would be head and shoulders above them in your business prospects as well.

The rise in salary which you have been waiting for so long would be yours. The big man commands attention and respect, and gets what he wants.

My system will increase your height by from two to three inches, as it has done for so many others. Definite proof of this will be found below. Why not let me increase your height, and improve your health and the smart appearance of your figure as well.

Convincing Letters from Students.

Miss E. L. (Muswell Hill) writes: "I now write to thank you for the benefit I have received both in health and height from your system. I have gained three inches in height."

W. F. H. (Newport) writes:—"I am pleased to tell you that I have reached six feet."

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your system I have added approximately three inches to my height."

G. H. B. (Bradford) writes: "I have just completed your three months' course for increasing the height, and am pleased to say when I started my height was 4ft. 2½ins., but it is now 5ft., an increase of 2½ins., which I think is very good."

A. K. (Southsea) writes: "I am pleased to let you know that I have gained 2½ inches."

W. B. E. (Johannesburg) writes: "I must say the improvements have been wonderful. In fact, several of my friends have remarked the splendid carriage I have, and I have never really felt fitter in my life."

Do not put off any longer, but write to-day, enclosing three penny stamps, for further particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN,

Specialist in the Increase of Height,

Dept. M., 17, Stroud Green Road,

London, N.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

The general situation in Mexico does not improve, but the price of Mexican Railway stock has appreciated several points.

* * *

It is a dangerous stock for the speculator without plenty of money in his pocket, but for those with a big surplus at the bank it is a very attractive speculative investment.

* * *

It is quite refreshing to read in the daily papers of Rubber shares being quite the strongest market; not that that means much in these days, when a few pence rise is looked upon as quite a sensation.

* * *

At the last fortnightly rubber auction much better prices were obtained, especially for plantation rubber, which resulted in a good deal of professional bidding for the speculative favorites.

* * *

The figures given below, showing the amount that it costs some of the leading companies to produce a pound of rubber, according to their last reports, should be a guide to those who think of investing in rubber shares, and prove most interesting to Rubber shareholders generally.

Bukit Rajah, 1s. 2¼d.; Sialang, 1s. 3½d.; Selangor, 1s. 4½d.; Sheiford, 1s. 5¼d.; Straits Rubber, 1s. 6½d.; Highlands, 1s. 6¾d.; London Asiatic, 1s. 8½d.; Allagar, 2s. 6d.; Chersonese, 2s. 8d.; Glenshiels, 2s. 5¾d.; Inch Kenneth, 2s. 5¼d.; Selangor River, 2s. 6¾d.; Third Mile, 2s. 9d.

* * *

There has been big business doing in National Steam Cars, which at one time touched 26s. 6d. A few weeks ago, when they stood at 19s. 2d., I advised holders not to sell, and recommended them as a good industrial investment.

* * *

Home Rails have been a better market on genuine buying of stock by investors.

* * *

Investors still fail to realise how cheap stock really is in this market, and it must further be remembered there will soon be another full six months' dividend due, which makes Home Rails look all the more attractive at present quotations. Stock in this market is very scarce, and a little buying will quickly put prices better.

* * *

Business in Americans here has reflected the conditions prevailing in New York, where speculators are showing an unusual lack of initiative.

* * *

At the time of writing there is very little fresh news from Mexico, but the possibility of new developments is not being lost sight of, and until this Mexican question is cleared up I do not look for much activity among Yankees.

* * *

Shells, North Caucasians, Spies, and Egyptian Oil Trust, are the only really active shares in the Oil market, although there has been some improvement in Premier Oil and Pipe Line.

* * *

Ordinary shareholders in this Company are still in a state of alarm as to their holding, owing to the very serious depreciation in price, but I advise them in no circumstance to sell till the general meeting of the Company has been held, which is likely to take place in the next few weeks.

* * *

I firmly believe that the serious depreciation in the shares is principally owing to "bear" operations, and to rumours spread in the market and the press of a pending reconstruction.

* * *

Galician Oil Trust should be worth buying at about 4s. 6d.

* * *

Brazil Traction have risen three points since I advised them at 84½ last week.

* * *

The report of another cycle company has been issued, which indicates very prosperous conditions.

* *

I refer to the New Hudson Cycle Company. Last year's dividend of 10 per cent. is to be repeated, and in addition a bonus of 1s. 4d. per share is announced.

This bonus, however, is to be appropriated in part payment for new shares to be allotted to the existing shareholders. It certainly looks as if cycle companies had a new lease of prosperous life, and it might be well worth readers turning their attention to the best in this group.

* * *

South Africans are generally dull with very little business doing anywhere, and for the moment Rhodesian Shares are off colour.

* * *

Many of the Nigerian Tin Company's so very satisfactory productions for October, but the shares are not attracting public attention now.

* * *

GILT-EDGED INVESTMENTS.

Brighton Railway 4½ per cent. Debenture stock at 101 yields £4 1s. 6d. per cent.

Canada Government 4 per cent. Loan at 99½ yields 1s. 6d. per cent.

West Australian Government 4 per cent. Loan at 98 yields £4 4s. 2d. per cent.

Metropolitan Railway 3½ per cent. A Debentures at 87 yield £4 7s. 0d. per cent.

* * *

I shall be pleased to forward the name and address of a member of the London Stock Exchange to any reader wishing to buy or sell shares.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

S. E. (Sydenham).—I advise you not to speculate at present as there is no likelihood of any substantial rise taking place in the shares you mention. The Oil market is dull and there is any real business doing. Shells or Spies are good investments and likely to appreciate in price, but you might do better in Premier Oil and Pipe Line.

E. R. (Edinburgh).—I think you ought to see a profit on your 100 of Brazil Traction if you buy now; these shares have risen three points since I advised them last week, but as you only want a quick speculation I should most certainly advise you to sell when you can see three or four points profit, and then wait for a reaction before buying again.

S. James (Norwich).—The best for you to buy are Humber, Rover, Humber, or Royal Enfield. The New Hudson Company is also doing very well. Read my notes about the last named.

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THE TROUBLE WITH MILDRED.

For the time being I am no longer friendly with Mildred. Whether time will heal our differences or whether we have certainly come to the parting of the ways I am not prepared to say. I am hopeful that the breech between us will be healed ere many hours have passed. To be irrevocably parted from so old and valued a friend would be to me so severe a blow that I cannot contemplate it without (as you will have noticed) severely splitting my infinitives. But time will show.

We have had our differences before—not many, it is true—but there have been times when we have not seen eye to eye, when she would neither be led nor driven. On these occasions I have left her to herself for a space—an hour, a day or a week—and thereafter she has been as docile as one might reasonably hope for months after.

But this time, I fear . . .

Let me reconstitute the tragedy for you.

When I first saw her this evening I knew instinctively that something was wrong. The warm pressure of my fingers she did not respond to as is her wont. Cold, cold was she. She repelled my touch.

"Mildred," I said, with a touch of concern, "you are not yourself to-night."

She returned no answer.

"Come," said I, more encouragingly, "surely you are not cross?" I said it with some misgiving, because I am told that she obviously was. But still she said no word.

Caressingly I stroked her. Her crossness seemed but intensified.

Tenderly I took her beneath the strong glare of the electric light and gazed long and fixedly into her eyes. She bore my scrutiny unflinchingly, but gave no shadow of a sign what was in her.

I gave only that she was so very, very cross.

Softly I spoke to her—words of endearment such as she knows yet has failed to respond. to ("Come on, you blighter, what's the matter now?" exemplifies the more tender of my endeaveries—the harsher phrases when exasperation began to get the better of me, I spare you).

Then, seeing that it made no impression whatsoever, I grew sterner. I recalled her sharply to a sense of her duty. "Mildred," I said, in what I hope was a tone of firmness tempered with kindness, "is it right that you should act like this? Do you think it fair that after all the years we have lived together you should turn on me now? I, your best friend; I, who have housed you since 1901, or 1902 at the latest; have fed you; have nurtured you; have looked after you with the care of a father plus a husband and a fraction of a brother thrown in for make-weight; have tended you in sickness and in health, in strength and in weakness."

She answered never a word.

"And now," I said, my voice rising in an anger I could not control, "you turn upon me. You viper in sheep's clothing!" (Foolishly I was very upset). "You ungrateful hussy. You suddenly get cross without rhyme or reason, and then when kindly expostulate you sulk. You answer me never a word. Neither yea nor nay, yes or no, say you! You—simply—"

Nor said she then anything in justification, anything to mitigate her conduct or lead me to moderate my wrath.

"Is there anything you want," I continued. "Food? Drink?"

I shook her angrily—really, I think I was justified.

Obviously it was not these she wanted.

With a heart-rending sob she let fall one great sad tear—on Stephens' most excellent ink.

"Damn!" I said, as I tore up the sheet; "that's done it now."

Angrily I threw her from me. Then snatching her to me once more I . . . pulled off her head.

Alas—her propeller shaft, or whatever beastly thing it is that makes a fountain pen go was irretrievably broken.

* * *

Absurd! Why call her Mildred? Why not? It's my own business, isn't it?

SYDNEY ERNEST.

When a man marries he cuts out the solo and takes part in a duet—and for two or three days thereafter he thinks it's one grand, sweet song.

* * *

If a man doesn't even look at a pretty girl opposite in a motor car, it's a sign he is either blind or the woman seated by his side is his wife.

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RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

That the National Hunt season proper has now started is much to the gratification of most punters, who are extremely glad that the flat-racing year is over and done with. As a well-known backer said to me the other day, "Rub it all off for and against," and that just sums up what we have to do after one of the most sensational seasons of recent years. The early weeks of the jumping are always interesting as a change after the flat racing, and a good start will be made this week with such meetings as Newbury and Kempton Park down for decision.

Although it wants several months before the Grand National will be decided I hear that there are possibilities of another French success in the Aintree race. The likely candidate is M. James Hennessey's Ex Abrupto, a horse that recently won that valuable steeplechase, the Prix Montgomery, from a smart field at Auteuil. M. Hennessey, who races on a lavish scale under both rules, has already won the English Grand National with Lutteur III., who took the prize when a five-year-old in 1909. That is the only occasion a French horse has won the blue riband of English steeplechasing, and Lutteur III.'s success was enthusiastically received by the big contingent of Continental sportsmen present. They had great faith in their representative's chance before the race, as a good many of the bookmakers afterwards knew to their cost, and Lutteur III. started an equal favourite with Shady Girl in some open wagering. Ex Abrupto is only a four-year-old, and judging by his form at Auteuil he should turn out to be a very smart performer.

Whilst on the subject of French horses it is worth noting that M. Edmond Blanc has finished at the head of the list of winning owners for the flat racing season which is now over. M. Blanc has won thirty-six races, their value being £32,745, and thanks to the produce of Flying Fox, who won the Derby in 1899, he also comes out top among the breeders. That fine jockey, Frank O'Neill, heads the list of winning riders with 158 successes, which beats all French records, including his own, established last year, when he steered 148 winners.

There were one or two unusual incidents at the Warwick meeting last week. A totalisator was conducted on the outside of the course on the opening day, but before racing commenced on the second afternoon the business came to an abrupt ending, the whole paraphernalia—lock, stock and barrel—being burnt by some bookmakers or their friends who naturally did not approve of it. It would be a fine thing if the pari-mutuel method could be adopted on English courses

There was a touch of humour about the sale of Stockton Lassie, the winner of the Southam Selling Plate on the same day. Stockton Lassie is a somewhat curiously tempered mare, and is much more amenable when accompanied by a small pet goat who has quite a stimulating effect on the horse. On that account, when Stockton Lassie changed hands to go into M. Ussher's charge, the goat had to go with her for an extra fiver.

Most of our jockeys are very keen billiard players, and their annual handicap, which will be decided at the Bedford Head Hotel, Tottenham Court Road, this week, promises some good sport. Thirty-nine entries have been obtained, and the heats are one hundred up. E. Wheatley and Walkington are the backmarkers, and both owe fifteen. Stanley Wootton owes ten, and brother Frank gets forty start. Carslake, who also plays cricket very well, is on the scratch mark, and prominent knights of the pigskin in Maher, Whalley, Clark and Plant all receive 55 start. Trigg, who apparently is not so successful with a cue as at riding winners, is on the limit mark with a start of ninety.

In spite of his increased weight Frank Wootton was able to ride on a few occasions last week. In seeing Yoringal and Fairy King to victory he showed all his masterly handling and skill at the critical stage of the races. The turf can ill afford to lose such a fine artist as Wootton, who has now retired from the saddle for good. Another well-known rider, William Higgs, has also finished his career as a jockey, Higgs has been one of the leading jockeys for some years, and his familiar face will be missed by all.

Riding engagements for next year have now been settled by most of the jockeys. E. Huxley is to be first jockey to Mr. E. Hulton, Wal. Griggs will continue as first jockey to Gilpin's stable, and J. Clark has had his engagement with Lord Durham renewed for another year. J. H. Martin will probably ride as a free lance, as also will popular J. Plant. Prout, who greatly distinguished himself by riding four winners in one day recently, will continue his apprenticeship with Mr. G. Lambton. As he can ride at 9st. 4lb. Prout will have further opportunities next season, and he should again do well. C. Trigg will again ride in Austria as first jockey to Baron Alphonse de Rothschild.

From what I can gather the King will have some two-year-olds above the ordinary next season. The yearlings were sent not very long ago to Egerton House from Sandringham for Marsh to train, and several of them are decidedly promising. His Majesty did not meet with a great deal of success during the past season, and it is pleasing that his yearlings appear so promising.

The Leicester Steeplechase meeting commences the week's racing on Monday and Tuesday. On the opening day Mint Tower may take the November Handicap Hurdle, Lynch Pin the Birstall Selling Steeplechase, Periwinkle II. the Broxhills Steeplechase, and Claret Lad the Town Selling Hurdle. Levanter may score in the Leicester Handicap Hurdle on the concluding day. Rubinstein should win the Sileby Handicap Hurdle, Schoolmoney the Belvoir Steeplechase, and Duke of Tipperary the Wigston Three-year-old Selling Hurdle.

Newbury opens on Wednesday, when the Berks Handicap Hurdle may fall to Elstead, the Open Steeplechase to Tenbury, and the Juvenile Selling Hurdle to Clanrye. At the same meeting on Thursday Bouton Rouge should score in the Yatesbury Selling Hurdle, Doubtful Boy in the Alfriston Selling Steeplechase, and Dysart in the Cranbourne Handicap Steeplechase.

At Kempton Park on Friday the Uxbridge Handicap Steeplechase may be won by Bedgrove, the Kempton Park Hurdle by Briery, and the Two-Mile Maiden Steeplechase by Valentine Maher. On Saturday Master-at-Arms or Carrigrue should score in the Middlesex Steeplechase, Wild Aster in the Staines Handicap Hurdle, and Melamar in the Richmond Steeplechase.

"So Jones is playing golf for his health?"
"Yes."
"Any improvement?"
"His health is better, but his language is worse."

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Our Football Annual sent free on mentioning this paper.

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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS

I have seen an overcoat this week which with one exception met with my entire approval. It was not exactly a winter overcoat, but quite suitable for the extremely mild weather we are at present suffering from. I use this expression because I like to see winter winter-like and summer like summer.

* * *

This was in a Cheviot cloth in two shades of light grey, diagonal stripe pattern. It was made close-fitting to the waist, well sprung over the hips, and quite but not exaggeratedly, wide in skirts. The back vent was long, coming up to the hips. Single-breasted, with good lap-over buttons showing through, large cross pockets with big flaps outside, outside breast-pocket. Light grey velvet collar to match cloth, and cuffs, perhaps three-inch, leaf.

* * *

The general effect was remarkably good, and the coat was well tailored and cut, with the one exception mentioned above. The back was too long, and the collar stuck up into the back of the neck. I longed to tell the man to get off by train to his tailor, and order him to cut that little insignificant, but highly unsightly, inch off the top of the back of an otherwise first-rate coat.

* * *

I said in this column some months ago that the City tailor was edging out of City style into West End methods of cloth, and I think this is so; but there is still room for improvement.

* * *

The two prominent points which strike me are the wearing of shoulders and the soft roll (or otherwise) of lapels.

* * *

A good cutter, aided by a good workman, makes a rolled square, without the hard effect produced by padding and a second-rate workman.

* * *

A good workman makes a lappel to hang sweetly in position and shape without the hard pressing down which is so often seen.

* * *

However, if you know what is good style, and show the tailor that you do know it, and you intend to have it, ten to one he will put his best man on to your job, and you will get in the City a coat looking as if it owned the West End for a birthplace.

* * *

I see now a new style of collar put on heavy wrap coats. It is to me a meaningless addition. I see this strap misplaced linen collar, with long drop peaks. This looks fairly well, but what the effect is when the collar is turned up in bad weather, I do not know.

* * *

To heavy wrap coats, and some others, the strap at back is to me a meaningless addition. I see this strap misplaced constantly. Some of them are placed too low, some too high, and few of them where they apparently ought to be.

* * *

I think the back strap should not be adopted, excepting for one style of coat, that is where the back hangs in folds and the belt holds the side seams in slightly.

* * *

The belt then looks as if it had a motive, an object in its little life. A flat belt on a perfectly flat cloth back, with a flap in centre of belt, is anything but an ornament.

* * *

Last week I referred to a firm who clean, press, and repair clothes for a small inclusive charge, and said the work was exceptionally well done in the case of a suit I had sent them.

* * *

I commented upon the fact that the "ordinary" cleaner was bound to take the nature out of the wool, leaving the garment harsh and poor-looking.

* * *

Now I have a letter of protest from a firm of cleaners of good reputation—Messrs. Achille Serre, Ltd. The firm referred to last week is the British Tailoring and Repairing Co. of Great College Street. Neither firm advertises in *Modern Life*, and I was writing on the merits of the case for me.

* * *

I would point out to Messrs. Serre that I never class them with or as "ordinary" cleaners. I know their work well, and they are extra-ordinary cleaners; therefore my remarks as to how woollen cloth can be spoiled in cleaning cannot apply to them.

* * *

Messrs. Serre run an immense business, cleaning anything from an ostrich feather to an Ulster coat. The British Co. confine themselves to clothes, and not only clean, but repair and press.

* * *

There is ample scope for both; they fill a want; their work is beyond criticism. So may they prosper.

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£4 a week for LIFE AGAIN OFFERED!

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO TO WIN IT.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches on Saturday, November 29th, and for the first prize of £4 a week you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you predict a draw leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given in the coupon we will award £4 a week for life. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, 10s. a week for twelve months will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest correct. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasions or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in twenty matches on Saturday, November 29th. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN LIFE, No. 4 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, November 28th. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £4 a week for life will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the twenty matches are not played the £4 a week for life prize will be reduced to one of 10s. a week for 12 months.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, 10s. a week for 12 months will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prizes will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made or fictitious name given will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN LIFE FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 4.

Matches to be played on Saturday, November 29th. Cross out—in ink—the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

BOLTON	v. BLACKBURN ROVERS.
BURNLEY	v. SHEFFIELD UNITED.
CHELSEA	v. BRADFORD CITY.
NEWCASTLE UNITED	v. ASTON VILLA.
PRESTON	v. MIDDLESBROUGH.
WEST BROMWICH	v. EVERTON.
BRISTOL CITY	v. WOOLWICH ARSENAL.
LEICESTER	v. HULL.
STOCKPORT	v. HUDDERSFIELD.
CLAPTON	v. BLACKPOOL.
LEEDS	v. NOTTS FOREST.
BIRMINGHAM	v. GRIMSBY.
BRADFORD	v. BURY.
NOTTS COUNTY	v. BARNSLEY.
WOLVERHAMPTON W.	v. FULHAM.
BRIGHTON	v. BRISTOL ROVERS.
EXETER CITY	v. QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.
NORTHAMPTON	v. WEST HAM.
NORWICH	v. SOUTHAMPTON.
PORTSMOUTH	v. SWINDON.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Life*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature .....

Address.....

Newsagent's Name.....

Address .....

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

This is the wonderful Magneto Belt that has made thousands of sufferers strong, healthy and vigorous.

I WILL SEND YOU ONE FOR 1/- ONLY.

(See Coupon below.)

From the moment when you put it on you begin to feel the Magnetic Power bracing you up, and your body absorbs naturally and freely the Magnetism which it contains. Think of the joy of being free of pain, from being strong and vigorous, of being brimful of life, courage, and vitality! Then read the simple, straightforward and honest offer I make you in the coupon below. Don't stay weak and depressed. Write for a Belt to-day and begin to feel its marvellous powers building up your strength every hour that you wear it.

The weak can now be made Strong. The anguish of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica can be speedily and permanently banished; Weak Nerves can be built up and made strong; Mind-Wandering can be cured, so can Involuntary Blushing. Lost Will-Power can be regained and the whole human body can be rebuilt and revitalised by means of my marvellous Magneto Belt.

People who were crippled with pain, well-nigh crazy with depression, down-hearted, ambitionless, weak-spirited, weak-willed, and miserable, have now been changed into strong, vigorous, courageous men and women; healthy and happy, restored to New Life, simply by wearing my MAGNETO BELT. I want every man or woman lacking in health, strength, and vitality to test my "New-Life" MAGNETO BELT.

TEST IT AT MY EXPENSE.

I want you to test the Belt first by actually wearing it, and so I say to you send me 1s. only, and I will send you the Belt by return of post.

CALL AND SEE ME.

I am here ready and willing to show you my Belt, and to demonstrate its Magnetic powers to you. If you cannot call then write to me. Remember that my Magneto Belt is Nature's remedy for Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nervous troubles, Mind-Wandering, Loss of Will-Power, Involuntary Blushing, and scores of Similar Ailments, and I place it in your hands to test for yourself on seven days' trial for the trifling outlay of 1s. Does not this show that I have faith in what my Belt can do for you?

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To Mr. AMBROSE WILSON,
19, Vulcan House,
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Simply write your FULL name and address on a piece of paper, fill in your waist measurement, pin coupon to paper, and post it to me at once.

Please send me a "Magneto Belt" on approval. I enclose 1s., and if I do not return Belt within seven days, I will pay you the balance of 4s., either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1s.

Size of Waist ..... inches.

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